

A NEW *No: 13*
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS and SONGS.

Written by several Persons.

Never Printed before. •



LONDON:

Printed by J. C. for *William Crook*, at the
Green Dragon without Temple-Bar. 1674.

NEW
COLLECTED
POEMS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
M.D.C.



Printed by J. C. Smith, at the
Golden Temple, in the Strand.

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New





New Poems AND SONGS.

To his Dead Miltriss at her Tomb.

With bowed thoughts, low as this hollow Cell,
Where thy warm youth eternally must dwells
With Eyes out-vying this curl'd Marbles sweat,
(My treasures proud usurping Cabinet)
With the poor heart, which once thou gav'st relief,
And that poor heart fir'd with all zealous grief,
I come to parley with thy Sacred Clay,
And with thy Ghost hold mournful Holy-day :
To offer on this place where thou'rt inshrin'd
This sigh, more churlish than the Southern wind,

A 2

Whose

Whose perfume shall mount heaven, and there controul
The swift departure of thy winged Soul.

Pale Maid, far whiter than the milky way
Which now thou tread'st; or if I all may say,
Fair as thou living wert; What erring hand
Hath carry'd thee into this silent Land?
Who cropt the Rose and Lilly from thy face,
To plant in this same dull and barren place,
Where nothing, like thy self, can ever rise,
Although I daily water't with mine Eyes?

Say, (thou who didst of late to me appear
Brighter than *Titan* in our Hemisphear)
What sullen change hath thus Eclipsed thee,
And cast this Earth betwixt thine Eyes and me?
Adulterous Feaver, worse than *Tarquins* brood,
Who mixt thy lustful heat with her warm blood?
Who sent, who fann'd the flames to such a height
Within her veins, as did burn out her light?
'Twas not thy work, great Love, thy active darts
Convey no burning Feavers to our hearts;

New Poems and Songs.

3

But move in blood-warm fires, whose livelihood
By calm degrees ripens the tender bud
Of pure affections. If the Rule be sure,
That Souls do follow bodies temp'ature,
Then by her purer Soul I may conclude
That not the least distemper durst intrude
Upon her body, no *Crisis* could be,
For that there was such perfect harmony
In her blest Fabrick, as if Nature had
Weigh'd out the sweet materials ere she clad
Her in her fleshy Robe. I oft have read
Gods have their heavenly Thrones abandoned,
And feign'd mortality, to compass so
Our brighter shining heavens here below,
Women. Sure it was so, some higher power
Looking from off his all-commanding Tower,
First on our constant Love, then on thy Face,
Grew proud to Rival me, envy'd my place,
Came cloathed all in flames, and Counted thee,
As erst the Thunderer did *Semele*:

A 3

Laying

New Poems and Songs.

Laying her fate on thee to dye i'th place,
 And be consumed in the hot embrace :
 Whil'st I that once enjoy'd a libertie
 Kings could not claim to love and honour thee,
 And knew my self to be above the strain
 Of our best Monarchs to be lov'd again ,
 Now 'rest of all, can unto nought aspire
 But these sad Reliques of my former fire :
 These ashes in this leaden sheet enroll'd
 Cold as my bitter hopes, oh ! bitter cold !

Pretty Corruption ! that I sighing cou'd
 Breath life in thee, or weeping showre warm blood
 Into thy veins ! for I do envy thee
 Thy Crown of Bliss, now thou art tane from me,
 My griefs run high, and my distracted brain
 Like the wing'd billows of the angry Main,
 When it attempts to flie into the Air,
 Falls into thousand drops of moist despair.
 'Tis true, thou lying wert as gently calm
 As Lovers whispers, or a Sea of balm :

Yet,

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Yet, when I think that all this now is dust,
 The fancy breaks upon me, like the gust
 Of a high-going Sea, whose fury threats
 More than my reason well can brook, and beats
 Her wounded Ribs; this must a Wrack portend,
 Or sure some proneness to a desperate end!
 It calls me Coward, and to that does add,
 False-hearted lover, that at least ne'r had
 Spark of a Turtles fire; whose patience
 Can brook the World, now thou art t'ane from hence.
 It wrongs my breast, gives my true heart the lye,
 And sayes I never lov'd, I dare not dye.
 And yet I dare! — I dare an inroad make
 Upon the tedious breath which now I take:
 I could out-work Times Sickle; I could mow
 My blooming youth down even at one blow;
 Which he hath labour'd at, but yet not done
 So many births of the renewing Sun.
 I have keen steel, and a resolved Arm
 Back'd by despair, and grief to any harm.

Yet,

But should I strike, Dear, thou wouldst vail thy Face
 With thy white Robe, and blush me to a place
 Where nought was ever heard but shrieks and howls
 Of the condemned, and tormented Souls.
 No, when my eyes glance here, and view how still
 This sprightly Peer now lies, the sight does chill
 My desperate fury, and a Christian fear
 Commands me quench this wild-fire with a tear.
 This very touch of thy cold hand does swage
 My hot design and irreligious rage.

But, 'tis not manners thus to keep thee from
 The silent quiet of *Elizium*.

I will but add a word or two, and then
 Cast thee into thy long dead-sleep agen.

Your favour, holy linnen, happy Shrowd,
 (For I must draw away this snowy cloud
 From off her whiter face) and witness now
 Ye Gods, unto an Orphan Lovers vow.

By these blind *Cupids*, these two Springs of light
 Now hood-wink't in the endless masque of night :

By

By this well-shapen promont, whose smooth end
Like to a mount of Ivory doth bend
Toward this Red-sea, upon whose Corral-shore
I had rich Traffick once, but never more
Must deal in : By thy self, and if there were
A better thing for me, by that I'd swear,
That thou shalt not, (like others,) lie and rot
With thy fair name, fair as thy self, forgot ;
But thy Idea shall inform my brains
Like the Intelligence that holds the reins
Of both the Orbs ; I will not know the day,
But as it hath a lustre like the ray
Of thy bright Eye ; and when the Night is come,
'Tis like the quiet of thy silent Tomb.

Last, I will only live to grief, and be
Thy Epitaph unto Posteritie ;
That whoso sees me, reads, *Yonder she lies,*
For whom this widdow'd Lover ever dies.

And witness Heav'n, now I this Oath have took,
I kiss, and shut, the Alabaster-Book.

To

To the former loving Mourner.

THOU dost invite me by thy solemn Knell
 Of Love and Sorrow, to Ring out my Bell,
 Which is so out of Tune this doleful way,
 Hang me i'th' Rope, if I know what to say.
 Could want of knowledge, --- in a various sence
 On my part, --- wait on her departure hence,
 Or gush a Torrent full of grief, --- like thine,
 No Muse might urge a juster plea than mine.
 For, --- she's abstracted ignorance, --- poor thing!
 Both what she should, --- and how she ought to sing:
 Nor is she one of that th'row pacing-Tribe,
 As will be spurr'd to sob, or howl for Bribe,
 Or Custom, --- like the *Irish* at a Grave,
 Or peevish Wives, --- if curb'd of what they crave:
 My eyes, --- too costive to bedew a Herse,
 Wring out their tears, as hard as they do Verse;

And

And this is it, that makes me seem so fine,
 And so abstemious of the Sad-Grave's Wine.
 Besides this Sacred Text, — thou dost retrieve,
 And handles, — Dead so well, — how e'er alive,
 That by the Dirge thou sing'st, — And that kind vow
 Thou mak'st t' Eternize her, — we must allow
 Her Excellence such a sublime degree,
 As her offended Eye displeas'd would be
 To read another's Line, besides thine own
 Unto her memory, — or on the Stone.
 And what am I, — alas! — that I should dare
 To write, — where equal such perfections are
 No, — no, — I know my verge, — I ken how far
 Rules the poor feeble influence of my Star
 Which, — like some Meteor, — might a while resent
 The common-gazer, — but is now quite spent
 Some honest Countrey-Girl, — perhaps — whose face
 Chooses the next clear Current for her Glass,
 And simp'ring dyes a Maid, — or very ne're,
 (As in an Age some Miracles appear :)

And Or

Or some Retailers issue of the Town,
 VVho sinks for envy at the next new Gown
 She sees, and cannot reach; may me prefer
 To be her sad Fates doubt; Chronicle, —
 Or so; these dead asleep, may keep awake
 My Muse, or else the wanton does partake
 Much of our Peasants humour here, who say
 VVhen bid to work it's some strange Holy day.

Yet, I am none of that ungracious Herd,
 That at anothers loss, sit down unshir'd,
 Or else all arm'd with such glad scorn, can be
 Drunk with the tears of others miserie;
 VVhen at some petty loss themselves sustain,
 You'd think the Deluge were on float again.
 A loving sympathy within me dwells,
 And, like thy Mistress, though thy grief excells
 All tribute else, which all thy Friends can pay,
 My little Rivulet attends thy Sea:
 Though like small Brooks, much shallow noise it keep
 VVhen Rivers are most silent, are most deep.

VVh

VVho would not hazard Credir, Life and all;
To second such a Loyal Principal;
As here thou prov'st, since a small time discovers
How full of Changes are the most of Lovers?
VVhil'ft thine eternal Love goes on, and ends
Not with her end, but time's last wings ascends!
How will the Beauties, that of this shall hear,
Trick up themselves, and strive to be thy dear?
And such as dealt in Rivalship, before,
VVill seem, at least, this passage to deplore!
To lose a Mistress in her prime, and one
So qualify'd as thine! 'twould force a groan
From the rough quarry of rebellious hearts;
And his, with pity that as seldom parts,
As with the rights of others, though he tread
Strange paths, if once possession he can plead.

But, oh the grief! to see a Virgin laid
Like wax dissolv'd, yet no impression made!
Her flowry blossom, such a Frost to meet,
And for a Bridal, find a Winding-sheet!

Can

Can youth, — and beauty, — no exemption have,
 Ye destinies, — from an untimely Grave?
 Take old ones, — let them march, — what make they he
 But to raise Taxes, — and make Vi&uals dear :
 To scold at all, — but what themselves have seen
 In such a year of *James*, — Or th' Maiden Queen ;
 Find fault with Patches, and Black-bags in scorn,
 And cry, — 'Twas a good time when Ruffs were worn
 And Plackets slit before, — not this new way,
 As if they fancy'd *Italy's* foul Play.
 Away with these, — for Pity spare the rest ;
 These are, as good for Worms-meat, as the best.

A real Sadness, — I do now put on,
 When I but think on thee, — and who is gone.
 For thou hast thrown thy self before her Tomb
 So moist a Sacrifice, — and art become
 Such a surviving Monument — as we
 Find fewer sighs to spend on Her, — than Thee.

SONG.

I.

I Grant your Eyes are much more bright
Than ever was unclouded light :

And that love in your charming voyce
As much of Reason finds for choice.

Yet if you hate when I adore,
To do the like I find much more.

II.

A voyce would move all but a stone,
Without kind love shall find me one :

And Eyes the brightest ever shi'd
On me have pow'r, but as their kind :

You must to throw down all defence,
As much my Reason please as Sense.

III.

III.

I clearly know, say what you will,
 To read my heart you want the skill :
 And of this 'tis a pregnant signe,
 Since you see not these truths of mine ;
 Which if you did, you would despair
 Without your Love to form one there.

SONG.

I.

Clover, 'twill be for eithers rest,
 Truly to know each others breast :
 I'll make th' obscurest part of mine
 Transparent as I would have thine.
 If you will deal but so with me,
 We soon shall part, or soon agree.

I I.

Know then, though you were twice as fair;
If it could be, as now you are;
And though the Graces of your Minde
With a resembling lustre shin'd :

Yet if you love me not, you'll see
I'll value those as you do me:

I I I.

Though I a thousand times had sworn
My passion should transcend your scorn,
And that your bright triumphant eyes
Create a Flame that never dies ;

Yet if to me you prov'd untrue,
Those Oathes should turn as false to you.

I V.

If I vow'd to pay Love for Hate,
'Twas, I confess, a meer deceit ;
Or that my Flame should deathless prove,
'Twas but to render so your Love :

I brag'd as Cowards use to do
Of dangers they'll ne'r run into.

V.

And now my Tenents I have shew'd,
 If thou think them too great a Load ;
 T'attempt your change, were but in vain,
 The Conquest not being worth the pain.
 With them I'll other Nymphs subdue ;
 'Tis too much to lose time, and you.

S O N G.

I.

I Grant, a thousand oathes I swore
 I none would love but you :
 But not to change would wrong me more
 Than breaking them can do.
 Yet you thereby a truth will learn,
 Of much more worth than I ;
 Which is, That Lovers which do swear,
 Do also use to lie.

II.

Cloris does now possess that heart
Which to you did belong :
But, though thereof she brags a while,
She shall not do so long.

She thinks by being fair and kinde,
To hinder my remove,
And ne'r so much as dreams that Change
Above both those, I love.

III.

Then grieve not any more, nor think
My change is a disgrace :
For though it robs you of one Slave,
It leaves anothers place :

Which your bright eyes will soon subdue
With him does them first see :

For if they could not conquer more,
They ne'r had conquer'd me.

B 2

Against

Against

CHASTITY.

COLD Chastness, should I praise thee, when thou art
 Natures great'st error, and canst claim no part
 In her intentions, which doth still produce
 Creatures for propagation, and for use?
 All other Prodigies which here are seen,
 Partake some essence which is rang'd between
 Two divers kinds, or joyn two kinds in one:
 But this is such a Monster as hath none.
 Nor doth this Rule deceive us, or mislead,
 Apply'd to Mindes, although some intercede
 'Twixt two Opinions, others them confound
 To some new Paradox: yet none is found
 So grossly stupid, wholly to exclude
 All sort of sense. Do then no more delude

With

With vain appearances, when thou within
Art rebel unto Nature, and dost sin
Against thy own Creation, and contend,
All that thou canst, the World by thee should end.
So that in vain Heavens light should shine or heat ;
In vain the Horse should neigh, the Ram should bleat ;
In vain the Stag should bray, the Bird should sing ;
In vain the Grass should grow, the Herb should spring,
When their kinds grew unnatural and wild,
And Procreation were from Earth exil'd.

I damn not yet, a Chastities which doth rise
From such a constant Love as makes one prize
Some persons more than others : these effects
Are Loves prerogatives, which so connects
Two hearts, as they appropriate a right
Else common unto all : let such delight
In one another still ; onely that heart
Which cannot finde a reason to impart
It self to any, doth to me appear
So much enormous, I may justly fear

To be a greater Criminal than those
 Who rob and kill : for though by them men lose ;
 Their lives remainder, what they had, or did,
 Yet still is theirs : But Chastness doth forbid
 All life at once. Besides, Thieves often win
 By acting mischief : But this Monster-sin
 Getting nought, but a false pretext to strike
 Even at Lives root, causeless supplants alike
 Both good and bad. Again, the Murtherer can
 Repair his loss, and get another man :
 But Chastness labours even to hide the Mould
 In which he should be fram'd, and gladly would
 (Th'rough a subverting of all humane state)
 At once leave Earth and Heaven desolate.

Now, if this be the most destructive ill
 In either Sex, since they are thought to kill
 Who may and will not save ; 'tis greatest sure
 In those are fair : we easier can endure
 This fault in any else, and better taste
 The Foul and Wanton, than the Fair and Chaste.

For

For who thinks Rich and Miserable fate ?
 Who cares for Orators when they are mute ?
 What doth avail a Balm which none applies ?
 And who esteems a Beauty that denies ?
 Let Chastness, then, in the unsound and old,
 The Pregnant, Marry'd, Vow'd, ill-favour'd Scold,
 Not be dislik'd : But, in the fair and free,
 Let it be thought the greatest Crime can be ;
 Since being 'gainst Natures chief end oppos'd,
 It seems, in it, all other Vice is clos'd.

S O N G.

I.

CLoris, if I forsake you now,
 And to some meaner Empire bow ;
 Think not your Beauty I despise,
 Or slight the splendour of your Eyes :
 All the exceptions I can finde
 Is, That you are more fair than kinde.

B 4

II. What

I I.

What though your Beauty do transcend,
 All Love-sick Poets so commend ?
 Yet foul and willing have more taste
 Than very fair, and over-chaste.

And who'd not stoop to common fare,
 Rather than feed too long on Air ?

I I I.

Should I in vain still thus pursue,
 'Twere onely to lose time and you :
 And a small fort I'd rather get,
 Than onely to besiege a great :

Long time too much of youth would waste ;
 How should I man it well at last ?

I V.

Beauty does joy to th'eye dispense,
 But Kindness ravishes each Sense :
 'Tis dull to have one sense invited
 Alone, where all should be delighted.

Enjoyment feasteth every one :

I must, I must feed all, or none.

The

The

IMPERFECT ENJOYMENT.

FRuition was the Question in debate,
Which like so hot a Casuist I did state,
That she with freedom urg'd as my offence,
To teach my Reason to subdue my Sense.
But yet this angry Cloud which did proclaim
Vollics of Thunder, melted into Rain ;
And this adulterate Stamp of seeming nice,
Made feigned Vertue but a Bawd to Vice.
For by a Complement that's seldome known,
She thrusts me out, and yet invites me home :
And those delays do but advance delight,
As Prohibition sharpens Appetite.
For the kinde Curtain raised my esteem
To wonder at the opening of the Scene,

The

When

When of her breasts her hands the Guardians were,
 Yet I salute each sullen Officer,
 Though like the flaming Sword before mine eyes,
 They block the passage to my Paradise.
 Nor could those Tyrant hands so guard the Coyn,
 But Love, where't cannot purchase, may purloyn.
 For though her breasts be hid, her lips are prize,
 To make me rich beyond my avarice;
 Yet my ambition my affection fed
 To conquer both the White Rose and the Red.
 Th'event prov'd true: for on the Bed she fate,
 And seem'd to cover, what she seem'd to hate:
 Heat of resistance hath increas'd her fire,
 And weak defence is turn'd to strong desire.
 What unkinde influence could interpose,
 When two such Stars did in Conjunction close?
 Onely too hastie zeal my hopes did foil;
 Pressing to feed her Lamp, I spilt my Oil:
 And, that (which most reproach upon me hur'd)
 Was dead to her, gives life to all the world:

re, Natures chief Prop, and Motions primeſt Source,
In me both loſt their figure, and their force.
yes, Sad Conqueſt! when it is the Victors fate
To die at th' entrance of the opening gate!
yn, Like prudent Corporations, had we laid
yn, A Common Stock by, we'd improv'd our Trade:
But as a Prodigal Heir, I ſpent by th' by,
What home directed wou'd ſerve her and I.
When next on ſuch assaults I chance to be,
Give me leſs vigour, more activitie:
e, For Love turns impotent when ſtrain'd too high;
His very Cordials make him ſooner die:
Evaporates in Fume the fire too great:
Loves Chymiſtry thrives beſt in equal heat.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

Reproach me not, though heretofore
 I onely Freedom did adore ;
 And brag that none, though kinde as fair,
 The loss of it could half repair :
 Since now I willingly do yield
 To *Cloris* beauty all the field,

II.

With greater joys I do resigne
 My freedom, than thou ere keptst thine ;
 And am resolv'd constant to prove,
 Should her neglect transcend my love.
 Strange Charms they are that make me burn,
 Without the hopes of a return,

III.

To see, and not to be in love,
 A wonder like her self would prove ;

Whof

Whose Charms by Nature and by Art

Do each of them deserve a heart.

For which my sorrows are but small,

I have but one to pay them all.

IV.

I must confess, a while I strove

With Reason to resist my Love.

The Saints sometimes 'gainst death do pray,

Though 't be to Heav'n their onely way.

'Tis onely *Cloris* hath the skill

To make me blest against my will.

V.

Nor will I so much as endure

To think Inconstancie a Cure :

For were I to that sin so bent,

It sure would prove my Punishment.

For to adore, I must confess,

Is better than elsewhere success.

The

The VOYAGE.

I.

AS one that's from a tedious Voyage come,
 And safe th'rough thousand storms arriv'd at
 Resolves to put to Sea no more, (home
 Or boldly tempt the flatt'ring Main,
 How smoothe soere it lie, or plain ;
 But having drawn his broken Hull on shore,
 To some kinde Saint hangs up his consecrated Oar :
 I, who a greater Sea had past,
 The Ocean of rough Poetic, *which I found*
 Where there so many shipwrackt be, *I found*
 Or on the Rocks, or on the Quicklands cast :
 Recounting what my self had seen, *or told*
 And in how many deaths I had been, *and*
 Where scarce an empty wish or hope could come be
 (twice

With almost as confirm'd a Vow,
Resolv'd no less to consecrate
Some Votive Table, which might show
The Labours I did undergo,
And at a far more easie rate,
Give others the delight to view on Land my dangerous
(Fate.

II.

Already was the sacred Plank design'd,
And in it how I first assay'd the Deep,
When thinking onely neer the Shores to keep,
There rose a sudden and tempestuous winde,
Which made me leave the unsaluted Land behinde.

The Sea before was calm, and still,
And gentle Airs did with my Streamers play,
Scarce strong enough my half-struck Sail to fill,
And th'rough the yeelding Chrystal force my way.

Close by did many a Vessel ride,
Whose Pilots all with Bays were gayly crown'd,

And to the murmurs of the Tyde,

Voyces

Voices and Mirth were heard around ;
 My self made there *Anacreon's* Lute rebound ; Turn'd Anacreon into English Verse.
 Which sprightly seem'd, & wondrous brave,
 And its old killing Notes to have ; (which I gave
 But from the waters more than those rough touches
 'Twould still of nothing sound but Love;
 Though I the various Stops did often prove :
 Wherefore new Loves I did begin, Made several Love-verses to Clétia & all
 And intermixt (as parts) my own ;
 Which took fresh vigour from the String,
 And o'er the dancing Clouds were quickly blown.
 I *Venus* sang, and stolen joys, Translated 4 Book Virg
 And of his Flames who scap'd at *Troys*.
 And as the Thracian *Orpheus* by his skill
 To ransom his *Euridice* is sed, Claudian Rapt. Pro
 And from the Shades brought back the dead ;
 My Song a greater Miracle did tell,
 And thither chain'd in Verse alive *Proserpina* did lead.

New Poems and Songs.

31

III.

Such was my Song : but when the Storm arose,
Voyces and mirth were heard no more,
But every man fell stoutly to his Oar,
And to the floods did all their strength oppose,
Hoping to reach some Harbour, but in vain ;
They were with greater fury hurry'd back into the
Then might one hear in stead of these, (Main.
The dying shrieks of such as shipwrackt were ;
And those proud Galleys, which before at ease
Plow'd up the Deep, no longer did appear ;
But to the waves became a Prey :
Some downright sank, some broken lay,
And by the billows were in triumph born away.
My Keel so many Leaks did spring,
That all the Hold with water was flow'd o'er ;
And a Sea no less dangerous rag'd within,
Than that which strove abroad the tempest to outoar.

*Having had so many Croffes, or, which is truer, seeing the little profit, I
resolved to make no more Verse, except the argument were Divine or
Moral ; and so resumed my old designe of Paraphrasing the Psalms :
Which I began anew, Jan 31. 1662. and finish'd the 3 of June 1665.*

C

So

So over-board my lading straight I cast,
 With some faint hopes my Barque to save ;
 But on the wind away they quickly past,
 And my best safety was no hope to have.
 Yet by me still the great *Jessean* Lyre I kept,
 Which from my Couch I down did take,
 Where it neglected long enough had slept,
 And all its numerous Chords I did awake ;
 Thinking, since I the waves must try,
 Them and the Sea-gods with a Song to pacific.

IV.

I play'd, and boldly then plung'd down,
 Holding my Harp still in my hand,
 My dear Companion through those paths unknow
 But hopeless with it pre to reach the Land,
 When lo, the chaste *Iarma*, with a throng
 Of Nymphs and Tritons waited on,
 As she by chance there pass'd along,
 Drave up her Chariot by my side,
 And in requital for my humble Song,

Invited me with her to ride,
And fearless of the way, with them my course to
And down she reach'd her Snowie hand, (guide:
And from the fouds me gently rais'd,
Whilst all the Sea-gods on me gaz'd, (mand.
And waited, ere they further went, some new Corn-
Which straight she gave, and at her word the winde
Backward did scowre: before, as smoothe and plain
The Ocean lay; storms onely rag'd behinde:

So to my Harp I turn'd again,
And all its silent setters did unbinde.
No longer was I of the Deep afraid,
But bolder grown, more Anthems plaid,
And on them put my Chains, who theirs upon the
waves had laid:
Till having many a Country past,
And coasting the whole earth around,
The Northwest passage navigable found,
I on my native shore was cast,
And safely toucht the British Isle at last.

V.

This Table as in Colours 'twas exprest,
 And which *Belisa's* curious Pencil wrought,
 With Ivie Garlands and with Bays I drest,
 And to my Muses sacred Temple brought;
 Hoping it would accepted be,
 And surely gain my liberty
 From future service, and declare me free.
 But as I waiting in the Court did stand,
 Into a sudden extasie I fell;
 And led by an Immortal hand,
 Which entrance for me did command,
 Approacht the Fanes most private Cell
 By none ere seen before, where awful dread and reverence dwelt
 'Twas not like those strait lodges here,
 Which by that name we call,
 But a magnificent and spacious Hall,
 The Roof with Paintings garnisht all;
 And where in Neeches on the wall,

Mrs M
 Beale

There did the lively forms appear

Of such who for their Verse the Laurel Sert did wear.

Greece and old Rome possess the chieftest place,

And all the upper end their quarter was :

The sides were into several Coasts design'd,

And by their Countries you each name might finde ;

Th^t Italian, French, or Spanish Band,

As they around did with their Titles stand :

Britain as fair a space as any had ;

And no less honors were to her, than Rome or Athens
(paid.

VI.

Thither I turn'd my eye, and in the throng

Of Crowned heads translated there,

Whose very Names to count would be too long,

The bright *Orinda* did appear ;

And though come thither last of all,

*Mrs Kath.
Phillips died
June 64.*

Made the most beauteous Figure on the sacred wall.

Aside her several Neeches were prepar'd

For those who shall hereafter come,

And with her there obtain a room,

As with her in the Muses service they had shar'd,

Already were some names enrol'd,

And in fair characters inchas'd ;

But who they were, must ne'r be told,

Till they the fatal stream have past,

And after death have here their living Statues plac'd.

My Muse alone these Worthies could outshine,

As she approacht me there in shape divine :

Her golden hair was all unbound

With careless art, and wantonly did play,

Mov'd by her strings Melodious sound,

As on her shoulders the loose tresses lay.

A wondrous Mantle o'er her back was thrown,

And her gay mystick Vest below

In Royal state trayl'd all adown ;

A Lute was in her hand, and on her head a Crown.

VII.

Amaz'd, I at her feet did fall,

And prostrate lay, till up she bid me stand,

Say

Saying, For this I thee did never call,
But boldly to receive my great Command.

Arise, for lo, a better fate

Does on thy tuncful Numbers wait,
Than what thou in the Deep hast try'd of late.

Not but that all thy labours there,
To thine own will shall amply be repaid.

For I by whom enroll'd they are,
Second to none but Heav'n in that great care
Which of thy Verse and thee I always had,
Will look such large allowance for them shall be made,
That all the damage which thou didst sustain,
Shall not compare with thy immortal gain.

VIII.

Witness thy Votive Table, which I here accept
Within my Archives a fair room to have,
(Worthy for th' hand that did it to be kept)
And thy mean Name from dark oblivion save,
Till to another Temple, that's above,
Reserv'd for those, who sacred Numbers prove,

And there at last conclude their love.
 Thy souls bright Image I hereafter shall remove,
 Where several whom thou here dost know
 (Ambitious at their very Shrines to bow)
 Leaving their wanton Lays behind,
 Like thee, and from all base Alloy refin'd,
 More to resemble the Eternal minde ;
 With several who were never here,
 So God-like all their Measures were,
 (As Jesse's son, whose Harp thou erst didst bear)
 In glory with the first great Maker shine,
 And have for Mortal Bays, a Ray Divine.

I X.

But first, my *Silvius*, thou again to Sea must go,
 And many Towns, and Men, and Countries know,
 In the New-world of Christian Poësie,
 Part of which long since was design'd to be
 The happie fruits of thy discovery ;
 Where none of all thy Nation has been yet,
 The way so dangerous, and the task so great.

*To write of the
 Creation never
 attempted by a
 ny Englishman
 except in Ver-
 sion.*

Nor

Nor doubt but it shall recompence thy cost;
 And were it more, that age, they cry, th'ast lost,
 When to serve me, thou didst the Bar forsake, *The study of*
 And for th' Long Robe, the Ivie Garland take, *the Law.*
 As that which would thy Name immortal make.

For I have Honours to bestow,
 And Regal Treasures, though I rarely show
 The happie Country where they grow.
 And though some wretch the Plague endure
 Of miserable Poverty,
 The fault's his own, and not in me;
 Not that he is my Votary,
 But under that disguise an Enemy:
 Not I, but they alone who count me so, are poor.

X.

Try me, this once, and once more tempt the Main;
 Thou shalt not unattended go:
 For when thou next puttst out to Sea again,
 I'll be thy Pilot, and the passage show.

Nay,

Nay wonder not, for 'tis no more
 Than what I several times have done before,
 When I my *Tasso* through those Straights did guide,
 And made my *Bartas* o'er the Surges ride;
 Those mighty Admirals which did extend
 Their Country-bounds beyond the worlds wide end:
 'Twas I conducted them those Lands to finde,
 Where each did plant their Nations Colonies;
 Both spreading less their Sayls than Victories.
 And there are yet more Lands for thee behinde;
 And all the way, like them, thou shalt rehearse
 The Birth of things, how they from nothing rose,
 By that Almighty Word which shall inspire thy Verse,
 And help thee all its Wonders to disclose.

No Storm upon thy Mast shall rest,
 Or any Gales but Vernal blow;
 The Sea it self, to my great service prest,
 In plains of liquid Glass shall lie below, (onely show
 And its obedience to my Rule in dancing billows
 And when thou home return'd shalt be,

And of thy native earth once more take hold,
My self thy Barque will consecrated see ;
And for this new World thus found out by thee,
Make it an heav'nly Signe, near that which sav'd the

(old

S O N G.

I.

Blinde Boy, farewell; I laugh at now
That pow'r to which I once did bow

For Reason hath the Throne regain'd,

Where Passion that Usurper reign'd.

An Idol th'art, and so men use thee ;

Fools do adore, the Wise abuse thee.

Beauty alone, which conquers many,

On me hath little pow'r, if any.

My fault would be great as thy Blindness,

Should I love Beauty without Kindness.!!

II. Ty-

II.

Tyrant, who never yet wert known

To torture any but thy own;

To resist thee needs little skill:

For he hath pow'r, that hath but will.

He that hath been mad, or a Lover,

Believes neither, if he recover:

Whilst we our selves are, we defie thee;

None which are so, are conquer'd by thee;

Thy art is all in taking season,

When we believe Sense, more than Reason.

.VI.

Loves Contentment.

I.

Come, my *Olympia*, we'll consume
 Our Joys no more at this low rate;
 More glorious Titles let's assume,
 And love according to our state.

II.

For if Contentment be a Crown
 Which never Tyrant could assail;
 How many Monarchs put me down
 In their *Utopian* Commonweal?

III.

As Princes rain down golden showres
 On those in whom they take delight;
 So in this happier state of ours,
 Each is the others Favourite.

IV

IV.

Our privacie no eye dwells neer,
 But unsuspected we'll embrace;
 And no slick Courtiers Pen is there,
 To set down either time or place.

V.

We'll fear no Enemies invasion,
 But being wise and politique,
 With timely force, if not perswasion,
 We'll cool the home-bred Schismatique:

VI.

No jealous fears shall thwart our blis,
 Unless a golden dream awake us;
 For Care, we'll not know what it is,
 Unless to please doth careful make us.

VII.

All discontent thus to remove,
 What Monarch boasts, but thou and I?
 In this content we'll live and love,
 And in this love resolve to die.

To

A Coy LADY.

Why so Fair, and yet so Cruel?
What is Beauty, but Loves fuel?

What's, without a Stone, a Jewel?

Sure that Faulcon needs must Mew ill,

That not open keeps her Tuil.

Do not think that I pursue ill,

Or, in saying so, think you ill.

Why so fair, and yet so Cruel?

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

C *Loris*, believe this truth, you cannot move me,
 Though I deny not you are charming fair:
 No, you must love me;
 Or you must despair
 A heart under your Empire for to bring,
 Where Reason's King.

I *L.*
 And yet I do confess that never any
 Was in your flames so apt to burn as I;
 That you have many
 Charms can make me die:
 But all those lose their power, until I see
 You burn with me.

SONG

The Review.

To his worthy Friend

Dr. *WILL. SANDCROFT*,Dean of *St. Pauls*;

When first I stept into th'alluring Maze,
To tread this Worlds mysterious waies;
Alas! I had no guide nor clue;
No *Ariadne* lent her hand;
Not one of Virtues Guards did bid me stand,
Or askt me, what I meant to do?
Or, whither I would go?
The Labyrinth so pleasant did appear,
I lost my self with much content,
Infinite hazards underwent;
Outstragled *Homer's* crafty Wanderer,
And ten years more than he in fruitless travel spent:

D

The

The one half of my life is gon,
 The shadow the Meridian past ;
 Death's dismal evening drawing on,
 Which will with mists and damps be overcast :
 An evening which will surely come :
 'Tis time, high time to give my self the welcom hon

II.

Had I but heartily believ'd
 All that the Royal Preacher said was true,
 When first I entred on the Stage,
 And Vanity so hotly did pursue ;
 Convinced by his experience, not my age,
 I had my self long since retriev'd :
 I should have let the Curtain down
 Before the Fools part had begun.
 But I, throughout the tedious Play have bin
 Concern'd in every Scene :
 Too too inquisitive, I try'd
 Now this, anon another face,

New Poems and Songs.

49

And then a third more odde took place ;

Was every thing, but what I was.

This was my *Protean* Folly, this my pride,

Befool'd through all the Tragi-Comedy,

Where others meet with hissing, to expect a *Plaudite*;

III.

I had a minde the Pastoral to prove;

Searching for happiness in Love;

And finding *Venus* painted with a Dove,

A little naked Boy hard by ;

The Dove which has no gall,

The Boy no dangerous Arms at all :

They do thee, great Love, said I,

Much wrong. Great Love scarce had I spoke,

Ere into my unwary bosome came

An unextinguishable flame ;

From my *Amyra*'s eyes the Lightning came,

Which left me more than Thunder-struck ;

She carries Tempest in that lovely name.

Loves mighty and tumultuous pain,
 Disorders Nature like a Hurricane :
 Yet could not believe such storms could be
 When I launcht forth to Sea ;
 Promis'd my self a calm and easie way,
 Though I had seen before
 Pitious ruines on the shore ;
 And on the naked Beach *Leander* shipwrackt lay.

I V.

To extricate my self from love,
 Which I could ill obey, but worse command,
 I took my Pencils in my hand ;
 With that Artillery for Conquest strove :
 Like wise *Pigmalion* then did I
 My self designe my Deity ;
 Made my own Saint, made my own Shrine ;
 If she did frown, one dash would make her smile
 All bickerings one easie stroke would reconcile :
Plato feign'd no Idea so divine.

Thus did I quiet many froward day,
While in my eyes my soul did play :
Thus did the time, and thus my self beguile ;
Till on a time, and then I knew not why,
A tear faln from my eye
Walht out my Saint, my Shrine, my Deity.
Prophetick chance ! the lines are gone,
And now I mourn o're what I doted on :
And even *Giotto's* Circle has not all perfection.

V.

To Poetry I then enclin'd,
Verse that emancipates the mind,
Verse that unbinds the Soul,
That amulet of sickly fame ;
Verse that articulates Names,
Verse for both fortunes, apt to smile and to condole,
Ere I had long the trial made,
A serious thought made me afraid ;
For I had heard *Parnassus* sacred Hill

Was so prodigiously high,
 Its barren top so neer the skie ;
 The *Æther* there
 So very pure, so subtil, and so rare,
 'Twould a Cameleon kill,
 The Beast that is all lungs, and feeds on air.
 Poets the higher up the hill they go,
 Like Pilgrims share the less of what's below.
 Hence 'tis they go repining on,
 And murmur more than their own *Helicon*.
 I heard them curse their Stars in ponderous Rhimes,
 And in grave Numbers grumble at the Times :
 Yet where th' Illustrious *Cowly* led the way,
 I thought it great discretion there to go astray.

VI.

From Liberal Arts to the litigious Law,
 Obedience, not Ambition did me draw :
 I lookt at awful Coyf and Scarlet-Gown
 Through others Opticks, not my own.

Unty

nty the *Gordian*-knot who will,

I found no Rhetorique at all.

In them that learnedly could brawl,

and fill with Mercenary breath the spacious Hall.

Let me be peaceable, let me be still :

The solitary *Thibite* heard the wind

With strength and violence combin'd,

That rent the Mountains, and did make

The solid earths foundation shake :

He saw the dreadful fire, and heard the horrid noise,

But found whom he expected in the small still voice.

VII.

Nor here did my unbridled Fancie rest,

But must try

A pitch more high,

To read the Starry language of the East,

And with *Chaldean* Curiosity

Presum'd to solve the Riddle of the Skie ;

Impatient till I knew my doom,
 Dejected till the good direction come;
 I ript up Fates forbidden womb.
 Nor would I stay till it brought forth
 An easie and a natural birth;
 But was sollicitous to know
 The yet mishapen *Embryo*.

Preposterous Crime !

Without the formal midwifery of time,
 Fond man, as if too little grief were given
 On Earth, draws down inquietudes from Heaven;
 Permits himself with fear to be unman'd,
Balthazar-like grown wan and pale,
 His very heart begins to fail,
 Is frightened at the writing of the hand,
 Which yet nor we, nor all our learn'd Magicians
 understand.

VIII.

And now at length, what's the result of all,

Should the strict Audit come,

And for th' Account too early call ?

A numerous heap of Cyphers would be found the
total Sum.
When incompassionate age shall plough

The delicate *Amyra's* brow,

And draw his furrows deep and long ;

What hardy youth is he,

Will after that a Reaper be,

Or sing the Harvest-song ?

And what is Verse, but an effeminate vent

Either of Lust or Discontent ?

Colours must starve, and all their glories dye ;

Invented only to deceive the eye :

And he that wily Law does love,

Much more of Serpent has than Dove.

Ther's nothing in Astrology

But Delphick ambiguity.

We

We are misguided in the dark, and thus

Each Star becomes an *Ignis fatum*.

Yet pardon me, ye glorious Lamps of light;

'Twas one of you that led the way,

Dispell'd the gloomy night,

Became a *Phosphor* to th' Immortal day,

And shew'd the *Magi* where th' Almighty Infant lay.

IX.

At length the doubtful Victory's won;

It was a cunning Ambuscade

The World for my felicities had laid:

Yet now at length the day's our own;

Now Conqueror, let us new Laws set down;

Henceforth shall all our love Seraphick turn:

The sprightly and the vigorous flame

On th' Altar shall for ever burn,

And sacrifice its ancient name.

A Tablet on my heart next I'll prepare,

Where I will draw the holy Sepulchre;

Behinde

Behinde it a fair Landskip I will lay

Of melancholy *Golgotha* :

On th' Altar I will all my Spoils lay down,

And (if I had one) there I'd hang my Lawrel Crown,

Give me the Pandects of the Law divine,

Such 'twas made *Moses* face to shine.

Thus beyond *Saturn's* heavie Orb I'll tower,

And laugh at his malicious power.

Raptur'd in Contemplation thus I'll go,

Above unactive earth, and leave the Stars below.

X.

Toft on the wings of every winde,

After these hov' rings to and fro,

And still the waters higher grow ;

Not knowing where, a resting place to finde,

Whither for Sanctuary should I go,

But, Revered Sir, to you ?

You

You that have triumph o're th'impetuous flood,
And *Noah*-like, in bad times durst be good,
And the stiff torrent manfully withstood,
Can save me too,

One that have long in fear of drowning bin,
Surrounded by a Cataclysm of sin :
Do you but reach out a propitious hand,
And charitably take me in,
I will not yet despair to see dry land.

'Tis done, and I no longer fluctuate,
I've made the Church my Ark, and *Sion's Hill* my
Ararat.

The

THE
SCHISMATICK.

I.

THough now th'Episcoparian pow'rs
Have rais'd agen this Church of ours,
And wilful opposites do bring
Ith circle of the Wedding-ring ;
Yet my *Clarina*, I've a trick
To play loves various Schismatick.

II.

Nor will I constantly respect
This Novelty, or that old Sect ;
But take the freedom still to range,
And be a *Proteus* in my change :
I'll turn to all the Sects that be,
Yet never turn, my Love, from thee.

III. 4

III.

A Papist I will first begin :
 For Love is but a Venial sin.
 His Holiness i'th' Porphyry Chair
 Gets Neece or Nephew for his Heir :
 Who calls it Vice, does it miscall ;
 For 'tis a Vertue Cardinal.

IV.

Next, though, indeed, I know there be
 No Penance like Presbytery,
 Whose rigid and imperious Sway
 Would force the Monarch to obey :
 Thy Faith shall make, when close we meet,
 My Works do Penance in a sheet.

V.

An Independent I'll appear
 To any Love but thine, my Dear :
 Our wing'd affection we'll advance
 Above all Forms and Ordinance ;
 Nor outward Rites affect I can,
 But thou shalt feel the inward man,

VI.

The Ranter I will smartly play,
To fright all Rivals else away.
An Adamite I needs must prove
With thee, my Family of Love;

Where freely we, to move delights,
Will use a thousand pretty flights.

VII.

A Seeker pleases next my minde,

'Cause what I seek I'm sure to finde.

Like Anabaptist, who'd not strip

In such a pleasant Bath to dip,

Till we lockt in embracing Charms,

Turn Quakers in each others Arms?

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

PRethee, little Boy, refrain,
'Tis in vain
That thou at my heart dost aim :
For kind *Bacchus* does so charm it,
Nought but Wine,
Nought but Wine can ever warm it:

II.

Tell me not of Ladies eyes;
I despise
All flames which from thence arise :
The highest loves ere yet created,
Are by Wine,
Are by Wine, quench'd or abated.

III.

I should Women Tyrants find,

If I whin'd

When to me they prove unkind :

The first coldness I discover,

I cure one,

I cure one heat by another.

IV.

After I my flame relate,

If she hate,

I use her too at that rate :

For 'tis always my desire

To do like,

To do like her I admire.

V.

Therefore though you were more fair

Than you are,

If unkind, I would not care.

Nothing more or less can move me

To love you,

To love you, then you to love me.

News from Newcastle.

England's a perfect World, has Indies too;
Correct your Maps, Newcastle is Peru:

Let haughty *Spaniards* triumph till 'tis cold;

Our sooty Minerals purifie his Gold.

This will sublime and hatch th'abortive Oare,

When the Sun tires, and Stars can do no more.

No Mines are currant, unrefin'd and gross;

Coals make the Sterling, Nature but the Dross.

For Metals, *Bacchus*-like, two births approve,

Heaven's heats the *Semele*, and ours the *Jove*.

Thus Art does polish Nature, 'tis the trade;

So every Madam has a Chamber-maid.

Who'd dote on Gold, a thing so strange and odd?

'Tis most contemptible when made a God.

All sin and mischiefs it does raise and swell;

One India more would make another Hell.

Our

Our Mines are innocent, nor will the North
Tempt frail mortality with too much worth.
Their Art so precious, rich enough to fire
A Lover, yet make no Idolater.

The moderate value of our guiltless Ore,
Makes no man Atheist, nor no woman Whore.
Yea, why should hallow'd Vestals sacred Shrine
Deserve more honour than a flaming Mine?
These pregnant Wombs of heat would fitter be,
Than a few Embers for a Deity.

Had he our Pits, the Persian would admire
No Sun, but warm's devotion at our fire;
He'd leave the rambling Traveller, and prefer
Our profound *Vulcan* above *Phæbus* Car.
For, wants he Heat, or Light, or would have store
Of both? 'tis here: and what can th'Sun give more?
Nay, what's the Sun, but in a different Name,
A nobler Coal-pit, or a Mine of Flame?
Then let this truth reciprocally run.
The Sun's Heavens Coalery, and Coals our Sun:

A Sun that scorcheth not, lock'd up i'th' deep ;
 The Lion's chain'd, the Bando is asleep.
 That Tyrant-fire which uncontroul'd does rage,
 Is here confin'd, like *Bajazeth* in's Cage :
 For in each Coal-pit there does couchant dwell
 A muzled *Ætna*, or an innocent Hell ;
 That Cloud but kindled, light you'l soon descry,
 Then will a Day break from the gloomy Sky ;
 Then you'l unbutton, though *December* blow,
 And sweat i'th' midst of Icicles and Snow :
 The Dog-days then at *Christmas* ; thus is all
 The year made *June* and *Æquinoctial*.

If heat offend, our Pits afford you shade ;
 The Summer's Winter, Winter's Summer made.
 A Coal-pit's both a Ventiduct and Stove ;
 What need we Baths ? we need no Bower nor Grove.
 Such Pits and Caves were Palaces of old,
 Poor Innes, God wot, yet in an age of Gold ;
 And what would now be thought a strange design,
 To build a House, was then to undermine.

People

People liv'd under ground, and happy dwellers
Whose loftiest habitations were all Cellars :
Those Primitive times were innocent, for then
Man, who turn'd after Fox, but made his Den.

But, see a sail of—— trim and fine,
To court the rich *Infanta* of the Mine ;
Hundreds of bold *Leanders* do confront,
For this lov'd *Hero*, the rough *Hellespont* ;
'Tis an Armado Royal does engage
For some new *Hellen* with this equipage ;
Prepar'd too, should we their Addresses bar,
To force their Mistress, with a ten years War :
But that our Mine's a common good, a joy
Made not to ruine, but enrich our *Troy*.
But oh ! these bring it with, 'em and conspire
To pawn that Idol for our Smoake and Fire.
Silver's but Ballast, this they bring on shore,
That they may treasure up our better Ore.
For this they venture Rocks and Storms, deſie
All the extremity of Sea and Sky.

For the glad purchase of this precious Mold,
 Cowards dare Pyrates, Misers part with Gold.
 Hence is it, when the doubtful Ship sets forth,
 The Naving-needle still directs her North :
 And Natures secret wonder to attest
 Our India's worth, discards both East and West
 For *Tyne* ; nor only Fire commends this Spring,
 A Coal-pit is a Mine of every thing.
 We sink a Jack-of-All-trades shop, and found
 An Inverse Burse, an Exchange under ground.
 This *Proteus*-earth converts to what you'l have,
 Now you may wear't to Silk, now turn't to Plate :
 And, what's a Metamorphosis more dear,
 Dissolve it, and 'twill turn to *London-Beer*.
 And whatso'e're that gaudy City boasts,
 Each Mouth does drive to our attractive Coasts ;
 We shall exhaust their Chamber, and devour
 Their Treasures at *Guild-hall*, and Mint i'th' *Tower*.
 Our Stayth's their Mortgag'd Streets will soon divide,
 Blazon their *Cornbil-stella*, share *Cheap-side*.

Thus

Thus shall our Coal-pits charity and pity,
At distance undermine and fire the City.
Should we exact, they'd pawn their Wives, and treat
To swoop those Coolers for our sovereign heat.
'Bove kisses and embraces fire controuls;
No *Venus* heightens like a peck of Coals.
Medea was the Drug of some old Sire;
And *Æson's* Bath a lusty Sea-coal-fire.
Chimneys are old mens Mistresses, their sins
A modern dalliance with their meazled shins.
To all Defects a Coal-pit gives a Cure;
Gives Youth to Age, and Raiment to the Poor.
Pride first wore Cloathes, Nature disdains Attire;
She made us Naked, 'cause she gave us Fire.
Full Wharffs are Ward-tobes, and the Taylors charm
Belongs to th'Collier, he must keep us warm.
The quilted Alderman in all's Array,
Finds but cold comfort in a Summers-day;
Girt, wrapt, and muffled, yet with all this stir
Scarce warm, when smother'd in his drousic Fur;

Nor proof against keen Winters batteries,
 Should he himself wear all's own Liveries;
 But Chil-blains under Silver-spurs bewails,
 And in embroyder'd buskins blows his nails.
 Rich Meadows and full Crops are elsewhere found;
 We can reap Harvests from our barren ground.
 The bald parch'd Hills that circumscribe our *Tyne*,
 Are no less pregnant in our happy Mine.
 Their unfledg'd tops so well content our palats,
 We envy none their Nosegays and their Sallets.
 A gay rank Soyl, like a young Gallant goes,
 And spends it self, that it may wear fine Clothes;
 Whilst all its worth is to its back confin'd,
 Ours wears plain out-side, but is richly lin'd.
 Winter's above, 'tis Summer underneath,
 A trusty Morglay in a rusty sheath.
 As precious Sables sometimes enterlace
 A wretched Serge, or Grograin Cassock case:
 Rocks own no Spring, are pregnant with no Showers,
 Cristals and Gems are there instead of Flowers.

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Instead of Roses, Beds of Rubies set,
 And Emeralds recompence the Violet:
 Dame Nature, not like other Madams, wears,
 Though she is bare, Pearls in her Eyes, and Ears.
 What though our Fields present a naked sight?
 A Paradise should be an *Adamite*.
 The Northern Lad his bonny Lads throws down,
 And gives her a black Bag, for a green Gown.

TO THE
 DUTCHESS
 OF
 CLEVELAND.

AS Sea-men shipwrackt on some happy shore,
 Discover Wealth in Lands unknown before;
 And what their Arr had labour'd for in vain,
 By their misfortunes happily obtain:
 So my much-envy'd Muse by Storms long tost,
 Is cast upon your Hospitable Coast;
 And

And finds more favour by her ill success,
Than she could hope for by her happiness.
Once *Cato's* Virtues did the Gods oppose,
When they the Victor, he the Vanquish'd chose :
But you have done what *Cato* could not do,
To chuse the Vanquish'd, and restore him too.
Let others still triumph, and gain their cause
By their deserts, or by the Worlds applause ;
Let Merit Crowns, and Justice Laurels give,
But let me Happy by your Pity live.
True Poets empty Praise and Fame despise ;
Fame is the Trumpet, but your Smiles the Prize.
You sit above, and see vain men below
Contend for what you only can bestow :
But those great Actions others do by chance,
Are, like your Beauty, your Inheritance.
So great a Soul, such sweetness joy'd in One,
Could only spring from Noble *Grandison* ;
You, like the Stars, not by reflexion bright,
Are born to your own Heav'n, and your own Light ;

Like them are good, but from a Nobler Cause,
From your own Knowledg, not from Natures Laws;
Your pow'r you use but for your own defence,
To guard your own, or others Innocence.
Your Foes are such as they, not you, have made;
And Virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the Ancient *Hera's* show,
Who, when they might prevent, did wait the blow;
With that assurance, as they meant to say,
We will o'recome, but scorn the safest way.

Well may I rest secure in your great Fate,
And dare my Stars to be unfortunate.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, that castives all things, sets me free.
Posterity would judge by my success,
I had the Grecian Poets happiness,
Who waving Plots, found out a better way;
Some God descended and preserv'd the Play.

When first the Triumphs of your Sex were sung
By those old Poets, Beauty was but young;

And

And few admir'd her native red and white,
Till Poets dress'd her up to charm the sight.
So Beauty took on trust, and did engage
For sums of praises, till she came of age :
But this vast growing Debt of Poesie,
You, Madam, justly have discharg'd to me,
When your applause and favour did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse;
Which, that the World as well as you may see,
Let these rude Verses your Acquittance be-
Receiv'd in full this present day and year,
One sovereign smile from Beauties general Heir.

T

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To

To a Foolish Fair One.

TIs true, we all confess you fair,
The red and white well plac'd;

You have an eye beyond compare,

A delicate small waste;

That leads to such delight as is

Unspeakable, like after-bliss.

A skin so pure, as new-faln snow

For sorrow melts away,

Because subdu'd in whiteness so;

And soft as ——— what to say,

Comparison limps far behind

Your matchless body in my mind.

But what's all this to purpose said?

As much as nothing yet;

Shew me the Jewel here that's laid

Up in this Cabinet.

I'm for the kernel; and the shell,

Though ne're so smooth, take he that will.

If

If peevishness, or proud disdain

Become a Noble Brest,

Ask any of *Diana's* Train,

Or Abbess of the rest :

And she'll resolve you, foolish Pride

Ne're dwelt where Wisdom does abide.

FADING BEAUTY.

TAke Time, my Dear, ere Time takes wing ;

Beauty knows no second Spring :

Marble Pillars, Tombs of Brass,

Time breaks down, much more this Glass ;

Then ere that Tyrant Time bespeak it,

Let's drink healths in't first, then break it.

At Twenty five in Womens eyes

Beauty does fade, at Thirty dyes.

To
A Full Grown **BEAUTY.**

I.

O Tarry, let me banquet on
Those Cherries dropping-ripe on thee;
Too soon, alas, they will be gon,
And a cold Paine shake the Tree.

II.

No Fawn, nor yet out-lying Deer,
Grazes within this Ivory Pate;
Yet what now likes, will loathe the car,
And run into an old Wives Tale.

III.

Those Arms of York and Lancaster
United in thy beauteous Cheek,
Ere long will fall agen to War;
For Roses then, where shall we seek?

IV.

I V.

Those heav'nly Lights which shine so clear,
 As makes the days bright Eye to wink,
 Must suffer strange Eclipses here,
 And in their sockets faintly sink.

V.

Those pretty Balls of Panting snow,
 That circle in the Milky way,
 Shall two loose hanging Udders grow,
 And all your glories thus decay.

V I.

Then be not fondly nice to spare
 What unthrift time will lewdly spend;
 Keep open house, and let me share
 What freely came, as freely lend.

V I I.

E're Beauty breaks up house, and heart,
 Prove hospitably kind, impart.
 What Fools are they that lead their life in care,
 To leave a wife for a thankless Heir!

The ENJOYMENT.

I.

Far from the stately Edifice,
 Where Princes dwell, and Lords resort;
 Weary of seeing in the Court
 So much constraint and Artifice,
 At home I liv'd in liberty,
 Though my Heart did imprison'd lye
 Within my dearest *Silvia's* Breast:
 Nor fearing in her Love th' inconstancy of Fate,
 I led the sweetest life for rest,
 That ever escap'd the Snares of Envy, Grief, or Hate:

II.

My Senses kept intelligence
 With my Desires in equal measures,
 And sought me out a thousand pleasures
 With a most faithful diligence:

F

Each

30 **New Poems and Songs.**

Each one my Fortune did admire;
To bless me Heaven did conspire;
To make me happy, every Star
Cast down so mild an influence on all my actions,
No opposition e're did bar
Me from enjoying to the full all my affections.

III.

Thus was my state incomparable,
So was my Mistress, and my Love;
All others joyes I fear'd above
So high, that they seem'd miserable.
I was a Lover much belov'd,
And 'midst the frequent joy I prov'd
No bitterness was intermix'd,
But whilst thereon I fed, the more that I enjoy'd,
The more my appetite was fix'd
To taste agen, and yet my sense was never cloy'd.

IV.

Under our Climate Nature shows

Her Beauties naked to each eye,

Glutting the Light enchantingly

With the choice Objects she bestows.

Upon the Flowers we glittering spie

Tears, or rather Pearls to lie,

Dropt from the Cheeks of fair *Auror*'s

Wherewith she to whom *Zephirus* makes Vows and

And whom the blithe Spring does adore, ^{Pray's,}

Does beautifie each Morn her Neck and Curled hair.

V.

There 'mongst the Smiles and the Caresses,

The little frolick God inspir'd,

Danc'd on th' enamel'd Grass till tir'd

With his sweet Mistresses, the Graces.

And still when he desir'd to Kifs,
 He came to rest himself, Oh Bliss !
 Betwixt my *Silvia's* snowy Breasts ;
 Whence he created thousand new and fresh delights,
 Whose Charms no Language can express ;
 For every moment Life or Death was in their might

VI.

Sometimes we saw a Satyr come,
 Who sitting in an Oaks fresh shade,
 Upon his Pipe complaints then made
 Of Love, and its sweet Martyrdome.
 Then walk'd we to a Grove apart,
 Wherein the Sun no beam could dart,
 To find out Solitariness.
 And finding peaceful Rest, with solitude there sporting
 We banish'd all unquietness,
 Lest that might have disturb'd our pretty harmless
 courting.

VII.

There under a straight Mirtle-tree,
(which Lovers holy do esteem)
Where grav'd by *Venus* hand had been
Her Trophies, and Loves Mystery :
Most solemn Vows betwixt us past,
That our bright Flame should ever last ;
Nor should its Ardour weaker grow.
Then offering up those Oathes to our Victorious King,
We wrote them on the Bark below ;
But they were deeper printed on our heart within.

VIII.

Sometimes a little doubt I feign'd,
And in her Ear thus whispred I,
(Only to sound her constancy)
Is your Love free, or else constrain'd ?

Then keeping silence for a space,
 I sigh'd, and with a mournful face
 Proceeded thus with Lovers Art :
 Shall I e're dare to hope? Oh heavenly Miracle !
 To be as truly in your Heart
 As in your Eyes, where I behold my self so well.

IX.

She mov'd with this, would answer me,
 (Accusing first my want of Faith)
Lyfis, a place thy Image hath
 Deeper than in my Eye can be :
 I'll take thy self to judge it here,
 You know it cannot be so neer,
 Since it appears so little, ——— Well,
 Believe then, by reflected Lines thou doest it see
 Grav'd on my heart, where it does dwell,
 Thorow my eyes, as under Chrystals pictures be.

X.

At this reply, my ravisht spirits
 Being rapt into a huge content,
 I did implore her quick consent
 Unto more amorous delights.

And thus to make our contest short,
 I tempted her to that sweet sport
 Wherewith a Woman's seldom cloy'd :
 Clasping her in the heat, that great desire provokes
 (She yielding then to be enjoy'd)
 Closer then amorous Vines embrace the Ruddy Oaks.

XI.

Then on her melting Lips half closed
 I tipp'd, kissing night and day
 A health unto our Love alway,
 Sipping that Cup whose brim was Rosied :

My Shepherds, as free as I,
 Pledging those healths most greedily,
 Was o'recome with the same excess;
 When having lavishly thus spent our Amorous store,
 Our drooping Countenance did exprefs,
 Thorow our languish'd looks, that we could do no
 more.

XII.

Yet our desires refuming courage,
 When our endeavors weakeft grew,
 Exercis'd many ways anew
 Loves Game, for which each fense did forage;
 That sweet bewitching paffion
 Led us with fo much ardor on,
 And all our motions were fo hurl'd,
 That who at that fame time in Cypria's Grove had feen
 Would fure have judg'd, that all the World^{us,}
 Had been the Wager of fo fierce a Fight between us.

XIII.

XIII.

In this enjoyment ne'retheless
 We scorn'd the World, and did content us
 With those only Joyes Love lent us,
 Whilst my stretcht Body hers did press.
 A thousand times of this more glad,
 Then if both *Indies* we had had ;
 We wanted nothing those short hours :
 'Twas not our wish, a Crown or Kingdom for to have;
 We envy'd not Riches or Powers ;
 T'enjoy those Pleasures still, was all that we did
 crave.

XIV.

But oh ! what Pen's enough lascivious,
 Were it pluckt from a Sparrows wing,
 For to describe so sweet a thing
 As these so oft enjoyments with us ?

Never

Never (though with Cloathes unlaced,
Venus her dear Love embraced)

Were such various Sports invented :
Nor ere did Love, and's *Psyche* fair with him,
Taste such delights, were so contented
As were our raviſht Souls, with this enticing Sin.

XV.

The Tongue being o'th' party too,
When a close Kifs besieg'd it, straight
On the Lips borders it would wait,
And sometimes forth in sallies go :
The Enemy when its stroakes did come,
Found it so sweet a Martyrdome,
That it did welcome each atteint;
Whilst thousand Smacks and Sighs at the same time
For Songs of Victory ; without plaints
Both vanquisht and the Victor equally contented
were.

xvi.

XVI.

One day close by a murmuring Spring
Of liquid Silver purifi'd,
Whose wandring winding Stream did glide
Towards the Sea, and ran therein;

My Lute did speak the softest strain
Fingers could make, to entertain

My Fancy with ; but then anon
I made the Strings break forth in a more vigorous
Which mov'd the very Rocks whereon found,
The lusty sprightly Goats did often skip and bound.

XVII.

Birds by the Musick drawn in numbers,
Stretch'd forth their pretty necks to hear,
Panting as if they ravish'd were,
Alike o'recome with joy and wonder.

The

The Beasts we every where did see
Gazing at us on bended knee;

Charm'd into silence all things were,
Whilst from an aged Oak, inspir'd with our content,
These words distinctly we did hear,
Which in a pleasing tone to us were sent.

XVIII.

Orpheus from *Rhadamanthe's* sight,
Hath now redeem'd from Hell again
(Spight of its Flames, and Pates strong Chain)
Euridice to heavenly Light.

That most unparallell'd Pair in Love,
Are once more now rejoyn'd above;
Twice parted against boths desires,
His Head in which the Gods such rare Gifts have en-
Nor his so much admired Lyre, clos'd,
To the Waves mercy then it seems were not expos'd.

A

A Land-Voyage in Ireland.

AFTER a Break-fast, the last Sunday Eve,
By the Sun's Rise, the *Blarney* we did leave;
Who at his getting up so smil'd and laught,
As if he'd drink the Clouds for's Mornings-draught.
But yet, alas, we had not gone a League,
When the false Weather turn'd directly *Teige*;
And the Wind too unkindly turned South,
And blew i'th' Teeth of those had some, i'th' Mouth
Of those had none; so that *Betty* th'unfair,
Spight of all wants, had suffer'd, if then there.
The Rain pour'd down so fast, 'twas too well known
The Clouds were then not troubled with the Stone.
This did so greatly raise a little Brook,
That we did fear our way we had mistook;
For 'twas so deep, that a Ship might have then
Floated, tho' laden with Committee-men.

Which

Which danger, when we found, we did begin
To wish each Hand and Foot had been a Fin.
At length by Land and Water we got o're,
And had no sooner reacht the Pagan-shore,
But a bold Teige, e're I could look about,
Swore for to wet my inside as my out.
With that he brought a Flagon, but so greasie,
That had my Boots been half so much, with ease I
The Water had kept out, which I did fear
Much less than to let in his smaller Beer :
Beer, of which many ill things might be sed,
Were't not unfit to speak ill of the Dead.
Yet thus much of it I dare boldly say,
Though weak, it quickly drove us all away.
But that, you'll say, was not much for its Fame,
Since that the Water had neer done the same.
Having my potion drunk, I held it fit
To pay, though drinking I had paid for it :
Perhaps the Entertainer thought the same:
For, when but Monny only I did name,

He took't so ill, that clearly I do think,
Nothing could be worse taken but his Drink.

Our Host, at length, a little satisf'd,
Yet more than we, our Beasts we did bestride,
And switch and spur, a foot-pace rid away,
Unto the place where Captain *Ruddock* lay;
But wet so Cap-a-pee, that where we stood,
We almost there did raise a second Flood,
Which made the half-drown'd Garrison desire
That we this marching Deluge would retire;
Nay, some of them stuck not to say aloud,
We were not Men, but a dissolving Cloud.
Such were our Droppings, that if they had bin
Tears of Repentance, they had Drown'd our Sin.
Our half-becalmed Steeds we then did lash on,
Till at the length we came to *Bally-Glashon*;
But some, as I thought, went with an ill will on,
Tho' that the *Quarters* were of Captain *Dillon*.
But there my watry Friends grew quickly merry,
Finding their Foord there turn'd into a Ferry;

Hoping

Hoping that I no further would have gon,
But ended there our Navigation.

I scorn'd so poor a thought, and therefore got
A reeling *Charon* to a reeling *Cott*.

It was a Miracle we were not sunk,
Since that the Boat and Boat-man both were drunk;
Had but the first as full of Liquor bin
As the last was, nought could have made it swim:
That Axiom we did then experiment;
That nothing's weighty in its Element;
Else we had there miscarried without doubt,
By *Charon's* wet within, and ours without.

But of *George Dillon*, three Steeds I did borrow,
Which I made bold the Water to swim thorow.
Our Train we left there, and those three that went-on,
Were I, my Servant *Gibbs*, and *Maurice Fenton*.
So lean those Gennets were, that I their ribs
Could see as plainly as I could see *Gibbs*:
And, to speak true, the best Beast that we were-on,
Was, both by Sire and Dam, a downright *Gorron*.

As for their mettle, you must think it rare,
When nought about them but their hair did stare.
Their out-side, tho' twere harsh, yet sure they be
The civil'st Creatures I did ever see;
For, without lying it might well be sed,
To every thing they bow'd both knee and head;
Chiefly my own, which made me strongly fear
I then did ride on an Idolater;
At least, if it be lawful so to say
Of one who unto stones doth kneel and pray.
And when he stumbled, you might then as soon
Have hindred Fate, as him from falling down.
But yet so wanton, that between each spit
And stride, he ever incest would commit.
Maurice his Steed oft put him into fright
Of justly losing the Name of *White Knight*.
The Horse too that my Man was mounted on,
Was by his Master called *Choridon*.
Which gallant Name did cost the poor Jade dear,
It made him both *Gibbs* and the Cloak-bag bear;

As

G

Which

Which forc'd the proud *Getulian* so to puff,
 That we at first did think he took't in snuff.
 And therefore for to right him I was minded,
 Which doing, I soon found him broken-winded :
 And that he shew'd too in so high a form,
 I wondred, crossing *Styx*, he rais'd no storm.
 This happy truth as soon as I did find,
 I voted *Gibbs* still for to ride behind ;
 Which tho I had not, here 'tis to be noted,
 The Beast himself had done what I had voted :
 So that when Mettle did in our Steeds fail,
 That want was help'd by an obliging Gale.

But now I end, lest some might truly say,
 The Story is as tedious as the Way.
 At length, with hazard both of Life and Lim,
 By Candle-light *Macroome* we entred in ;
 So dirty, that even as much Rain agen
 Could with much difficulty make us Clean.
 Our Horses too, as those that saw them say,
 Appeard like moving Statues made of Clay ;

And tho alive, did seem the self-same Earth,
From whence at first they did derive their Birth.

We were no sooner lighted, but we there
Did offer up many a Curse and Pray'r :

The first, a greater sure we could not give,
Was, That our Horses as they were might live,

And the last was, They might be rid by those
Who were our Private and the Publick Foes.

To
A Fair MISTRESS.

Madam,

TO praise you to your face, I think
As gross a kindness as to sprinkle Ink
Instead of those Black-patches Ladies wear
As Foyls, to set their Beauties off more rare.
Troth, I must tell you plain, to climb the Skies
I must excuse me for a cast of Eyes,

And having put yours out, in eithers Grave
 T'inoculate a Star, 'tis wondrous brave,
 I must confess, and speaks a Giant Muse,
 Such monstrous high similitudes to use ;
 They cannot chuse but a rare Beauty make,
 When all the Bulls and Bears th'ave brought to stake,
 That say her Name were *Ursula*, I'll wager,
 In place of *Minor*, she shall be the *Major* ;
 Her Cheeks the *Milkie-way*, where the whole Team
 Of Deities eat Strawberries and Cream ;
 And when they call for healths, young *Hebe* trips,
 And taps full Bowls of Nectar from her Lips :
 The very Dimple of her Chin is so,
Cupid there hides his Quiver and his Bow :
 And, if this Dimple be so wide, I trow,
 (Hark in your Ear) What think ye's that below ?
 Fool that I was, 'tis easie to beguile
 The ignorant, I see ; for all this while,
 Until I heard her thighs white Marble were,
 I thought the man brought stones, not found them there

By that time to the Moon she's full compar'd,
 With Atoms powdred, with the Sun-beams hair'd,
 Tooth'd like an Elephant, at least like Pearl;
 Will she not seem a lusty strapping Girl?
 Her Legs, the Poles on which this Heaven stands;
 Sure she wears pretty Shoes, small Gloves on Hands.

But let each Lover chuse what he sees good,
 I love a Mistress made of flesh and blood;
 And of those mortal Beauties, to say true,
 I love none more, 'cause none more fair than you.

Against W O M E N.

Woman at first intended was, no doubt,
 To please and comfort man; not took to pout
 At every trifle, till in some fond passion,
 Man over-kind alter'd her true Creation,
 As Kings did Popes; to whom the Proverb well
 Extends, That give an inch, they'll take an ell.
 And since experience shews each Dame one,
 In state, as seeming, fain would be Pope Jones

So learn the garb of Pride; speaks sharp, is cruel,
 Observes no mean, no reason; Here's a Jewel
 To trust indeed! a pretty piece of Folly
 To cope with in a serious Melancholy:
 Whose Will's her Law, whose Terms allow we must,
 (And short Vacations too;) whose Love's meer Lust;
 Grant all she asks, or talks, be sure to please,
 Or else be sure to live in little ease,
 Where once her spleen's against, no Egge so ill
 Can Malice lay, but she sits brooding still;
 Her Tears as full of Treason as her Smiles,
 And both intrapping like the Crocodiles.
 Not a poor minute certain, just like one
 Plays fast and loose; now here, now *presto*, gone.
 Who carries Tales, brings Sweet-meats; it's no matter
 To please her, what they forge, or how they flatter.
 Nor cares she how she makes her Lover sad;
 But cross her in the least, she runs stark mad.
 When she's trickt up in all her gay attire,
 Less cause see I to love her than admire,

Take

Take her undrest, and all her Trinkets out,
There's a sweet Prize to keep such coyl about !
One sets 'em well together, he that swears,
Woomen and Dogs set all the World by th' Ears.

O for some other way to Propagate,
Than this accursed cause of all Debate !
Where noble Friendship must be quite cashier'd,
If she sit down believ'd, or but once heard ;
And if her pet's not serv'd i'th' nick, far less
Undecent noise makes the robb'd Lioness.

Eve by the Serpent was beguil'd ; my mind
Gives me, that Serpent entred all the Kind.
Had that first Anabaptist herd (I mean
Those Swine that Satan wash't away so clean)
Been left, and every Female that made head,
That's all the Sex but ten, dipt in their stead.

(Perhaps too, those are transmigrated now,
Since each soul granting Quean's baptized *Sow*)
O what a jolly Bone-fire had the Prince
Of Darkness made ! How many Men sav'd since ?

Less flames by thousands Earth to Hell had sent,
As small fires scrye where the chief fuel's spent.

But are not Women helps? yes, nought so sure,
Helps to undo men, if they'll it endure.

If thou sit still, and little have to say,
She'll help thee to discourte, but her own way;
So full of gross impertinence, at best;

Imagine when she's froward, what's the rest?
Hast an Estate? and would't improve it well?

Leave it to her, she'll help thee pawn or sell,
To buy this Toy, that other costly fashion,
Or else disgrace thee with a Misers passion.

Art thou well stockt with strength, and health to friend
She'll help thee to a pastime that shall spend it.

If Women then such helps oft prove to be,
Let them help who they will, pray God help me.

Answer

A N S W E R

In Defence of W O M E N.

W Hat wild distemper has possess thy brain,
Harsh Satyrift, in such uncomely strain
To wound that heavenly Race, the joys of men,
All at one stroke assassin'd by thy Pen?
As if a general defection had
Seiz'd all the Sex, because a few prove bad:
Or that on Church, 'cause some Fanaticks fall,
It needs must follow w're Fanaticks all.
Recant, or fly, for lo the sacred Band
Of Wit and Valour Feminine's at hand.
The twice-steel'd Goddess claps her Armor on,
And leads the van against thee, so that none
Of all the Muses, or a Grace, combin'd
Thus altogether, now dare stay behind.

Who

Who weeping fate by their own Fountain dri'd
Up in this sun-burnt age, born to deride
Their sacred influence; and when they sing
With unwasht hands, pollute the Virgin-spring.

Led by the Grecian *Hero's*, they display
For Colours the Chaste Wife of *Ithaca*,
With a full Troop attending; and that Dame
Whose costly Faith keeps fresh the breath of Fame;
Who built her Lord a Tomb with wondrous Art,
Yet not so rich, as that about her heart.

The fam'd *Lucretia*, and *Paulina's* try'd
Endear'd affection, poize the *Roman* side:
On whom the Vestals wait with holy fire,
Whose flames not burn, but only warm desire;
With Regiments well fill'd of youthful years,
That Muster pass under those Brigadcers.
But what remoter Times and parts have known,
We find at home contracted in our own.
Take one for all the rest, whose worth unstain'd,
Makes perfect truth what perhaps Poets fain'd;

odw

That

That should false tongues lick all my hopes away,
 And in her or'e-cast Eye benight my Day;
 As who can scape those Ear-wigs, if so near
 They wriggle in, as to assault the Ear?
 (And it is easie, where they'l be so vicious,
 T'intrap an honest meaning unsuspecting)
 I'd wear her frowns for favors, and would deem
 Them marks of caution, not of disesteem.

Go, light thy Taper at yon' Ladies Eyes,
 Where Day doth seem to break, the Sun to rise

On equal *Hymen*, who ne're minds the parts,
 But gets a trick to joyn Estates, not Hearts;
 He that does Marry thinks not sure he takes
 An Angel into his embrace, nor makes
 A Deity of Dust, and such are we;
 If there be flesh and blood, some faults will be.
 Tho the mad Pens of Lovers Idolize,
 Yet in cold blood, try'd Husbands are more wise.

Wedlock's the Lifes grand Sallet, if its Oyl'd,
 Without some Vineger the taste is spoyl'd.

He

He that damns all but for the faults of some,
Destroys his Orchard for a rotten Plum,
Or Crab-tree-stock, when a discreeter Fate
Would graft upon it, or inoculate.

Like to the Sor, so out of love with Print,
He burns his Book for some Errata's in't.

'Tis a meet humor this, which spent, you then
Cry Women up, as fast as down the Men;
Though 'tis unnatural, because confess
Even by themselves, that down they'r at the best.

All that but looks like fair, great, good on Earth,
Takes from a Female its first rise and birth.

Talk of high thoughts, who will Ambition prize,
Does any thing make Man like Woman rise?

Can there be Love without her, or true Wealth?

She's his best Mine, best Doctor for his Health,

His all in all; in her embraces stands

That little World, the greater which commands.

She's such a Mint as Coyns him Young agen,

And makes his Stamp pass currant amongst Men.

Talks

Talks she at random, as you here define;
 'Tis but as wise Men will do sometime;
 To me those sweet Diversions fresh appear,
 A running Banquet, after heavy cheer,
 Man helpless were without her help indeed;
 The Worlds great Spirit would be lost, and Seed.

Then helpless let him be doth so require;

So help me God, as I such help desire.

Foolish NICETY.

I Hate a fullen Mistress, of such tumor,
 Put in a Jest, it puts her out of Humor;
 Fondly mistakes each passant word I say,
 Takes pet, as Tinder fire, then fools away
 Her self in Childish anger: if she speaks,
 At best, when best she's pleas'd, poor thing it breaks
 Into such woful phrase, doth so disburse
 Odd ends of Gold and Silver in discourse,

That,

That, as I live, 'tis much against my will,
 For her own credit, she's not silent still :
 Better shut up in silence, tho she go
 For Proud, than open to her overthrow.
 What's a fair Woman simply ? Shall I tell ye ?
 A Box of Mummy, or of warmer Jelly ;
 Which for a taste, or so, may currant pass,
 But not to make a meal on : Where's that Afs
 A piece of Snout-fair ignorance would marry ?
 Sooner I'd hew a Mistress from the Quarry
Pigmalion once carv'd out ; I'd sooner go
 On pilgrimage to *Meeba*, and there throw
 My Eyes on burning Bricks, till all about
 The Nerves and Sinews crackt, their Lamps leapt out,
 Than fix on such a Wife : take this from me,
There's nought so fulsome as a Foolish She.

On

On
The Victory over the Spaniards in
the Bay of Santa Cruz, in the
Island of Teneriffe.

NOW does *Spain's* Fleet her spacious wings unfold,
Leaves the New World, and hastens to the Old;
But tho the Wind were fair, they slowly swom,
Fraught with active guilt, and guilt to come;
For this Rich load, of which so proud they are,
Was rais'd by Tyranny, and rais'd for War.
Ev'ry capacious Galleons Womb was fill'd
With what the Womb of wealthy Kingdoms yield:
The New Worlds wounded Intrails they had tore
For Wealth, wherewith to wound the Old one more.
Wealth, which all others Avarice might cloy,
But yet in them caus'd as much Fear as Joy.
For now upon the Main themselves they saw,
That boundless Empire where we give the Law.

Of

Of Winds and Waters rage they fearful be,
 But much more fearful th'English Flags to see.
 Day, that to those who sail upon the Deep
 More wisht for, and more welcome is then Sleep,
 They dreaded to behold, lest the Sun's Light
 With our dread Streamers should salute their sight.
 In thickest Darkness they would chuse to steer,
 So that such Darkness might suppress their fear.
 At length theirs vanishes, and Fortune smiles,
 For they behold the sweet *Canary-Isles*;
 One of which doubtless is by Nature blest
 Above both Worlds, since 'tis above the rest.
 For lest some Gloominess might stain her Sky,
 Trees there the Duty of the Clouds supply.
 O Noble Trust, which Heav'n on this Isle pours,
 Fertile to be, yet never need her shows!
 A happy People, which at once do gain
 The Benefits without the Ills of Rain!
 Both Health and Profit Fate cannot deny,
 Where still the Earth is moist, the Air still dry.

There

There jarring Elements no discord know,
Sewel and Rain together kindly grow;
And Coolness there with Heat does never fight;
This only Rules by Day, and that by Night.
There the indulgent Soyl the rich Grape breeds,
Which of the Gods the fancied Drink exceeds:
They still do yield, such is their precious mold,
All that is good, and are not curs'd with Gold,
With fatal Gold: for where e're it does grow,
Neither the Soyl nor People quiet know;
Which troubles men to raise it, while 'tis Ore,
And when 'tis rais'd, it troubles them much more:
Ah! why was thither brought that cause of war
Kinde Nature had from thence remov'd so far?
In vain doth she those Islands free from ill,
If Fortune can make guilty what she will.

'But whilst I draw the Scene where we are long

'Again may conquer, this is left unsung.

For *Santa Cruz*, the glad Fleet takes her way,
And safely there casts Anchor in the Bay.

here

H

Never

Never so many with one Joyful Cry,
 That place saluted where they all must die.
 Deluded men ! Fate with you did but sport ;
 You scapt the Sea, to perish in the Port ;
 'Twas more for *Englands* Fame you should Die there,
 Where you had most of Strength, and least of Fear.

The Peck's proud height the *Spaniards* do admire,
 Yet in their Breasts carry a Pride much higher ;
 Only to this vast Hill a pow'r is giv'n,
 At once both to inhabit Earth and Heav'n ;
 But this stupendious prospect did not near
 Make them admire so much as they did fear.
 For here they met with News which did produce
 A Grief above the Cure of Grapes best Joyce ;
 They learn'd, with terror, that nor Summers heat,
 Nor Winters storms could make our Fleet retreat.
 To fight against such Foes was vain, they knew,
 Which did the rage of Elements subdue ;
 Who on the Ocean, that does horror give
 To all besides, Triumphantly do live.

With

With haste they therefore all their Gallions moar,
 And flank with Cannon from the neighboring shore;
 Forts, Lines, and Sconces, all the Bay along
 They build, and act all that can make them strong.
 Fond men! who know not what such Works they
 (raise,
 They only Labour to exalt our Praise.
 Yet they by restless Toyls became at length
 So proud and confident of their made strength,
 That they with joy their boasting General heard,
 Wist then for that Assault they lately fear'd.
 His wish he hath, for now undaunted *Blake*,
 With winged Speed, for *Sancti Cruz* does make;
 For our Renown his Conquering Fleet does ride
 O're Seas as vast as is the *Spaniards* Pride;
 Whose Fleet and Trenches view'd, he soon did say,
 We to their strength are more oblig'd than they:
 Were't not for that, they from their Fate would run,
 And a third World seek out, our Arms to shun.
 Those Forts which there so high and strong appear,
 Do not so much suppress, as shew their Fear.

With

H 2

Of

Of speedy Victory let no man doubt ;
 Our worst work's past, now we have found them out ;
 Behold, their Navie does at Anchor lie ;
 And they are ours, for now they cannot flie !

This said, the whole Fleet gave it their applause,
 And all assum'd his courage for the Cause ;
 That Bay they enter, which unto them owes
 The noblest Wreathes that Victory bestows.
 Bold *Stayner* leads : this Fleet's design'd by Fate
 To give him Lawrel, as the last did Plate.

The thundring Cannon now begins the Fight,
 And, though it be at Noon, creates a Night ;
 The air was soon, after the Fight begun,
 Far more inflam'd by it, than by the Sun.
 Never so burning was that Climate known,
 War turn'd the *Temperate*, to the *Torrid* Zone.
 Fate had those Fleets just between both worlds brought,
 Who fight as if for both those worlds they fought,
 Thousands of ways, thousands of men there die,
 Some ships there sunk, some blown up in the skie.

Nature ne'r made Cedars so high aspire
 Oaks did there, urg'd by the active fire,
 Which by quick Powders force so high was sent,
 That it return'd to its own element.
 From limbs some Leagues into the Island flie,
 Whilst others lower in the Sea do lie:
 Since souls from bodies so far sever'd are
 In death, as bodies there were by fierce War.
 All-seeing Sun ne'r gaz'd on such a sight;
 Two dreadful Navies there at Anchor fight;
 And neither have or power or will to flie,
 Where one must Conquer, or there both must die.
 In different motions yet engag'd them thus;
 Necessity did them, but Choice did us:
 Choice which did the highest worth express,
 And was attended by as high Success.
 England's restless Geni^{us} there did raigⁿ,
 Which we Lawrels reapt even on the Main.
 Prosperous Stars, though absent to the sense,
 Yet those they shine for by their influence.

Nat

H 3

Our

Our Cannon now tears ev'ry Ship and Sconce,
 And o're two Elements triumphs at once.
 Their Gallions sunk, their Wealth the Sea does fill,
 The only place where it can cause no ill.

Ah ! would those Treasures which both *Indies* have
 Were buried in as large and deep a Grave !
 Wars chief support with them would buried be,
 And the Land owe her Peace unto the Sea.

Ages to come our Conquering Arms will bless,
 They there destroy'd what had destroy'd their Peace,
 And in one War the present Age may boast,
 The certain Seeds of many Wars are lost.

All the Foes Ships destroy'd by Sea or Fire,
 Victorious *Blake* does from the Bay retire ;
 His Siege of *Spain* he then again pursues,
 And there first brings of his Success the News.
 (The saddest News which e'er to *Spain* was brought,
 Their rich Fleet sunk, and ours with Laurel fraught.)

" Whilst Fame in every place her Triumph blows,
 " And tells the World how much to us it owes.

Upon the fight of a Fair Ladies Breech,
discovered at her being turned
over in a Coach.

Translated out of French.

I.

I Yield, I yield, fair *Phillis*, now
My Heart must to your Empire bow;
I am your Pris'ner, for I find
Y'ave Conquered both my Will and Reasons;
But you surprized me behind,
And is not that a kind of Treason?

II.

Against your Eyes I plac'd a Guard,
And kept my Freedom, though 'twere hard
Withstanding that most tempting Face;
When finding I again drew near,
You chang'd your Ambush, and did place
Your murdering *Cupids* in your Rear.

III.

At this first fight my heart did yield ;
 For every glance did pierce my Shield :
 The fairest Face it did outbid.
 Could I resist my Fate, or Stars,
 When this slye enemy lay hid
 So close, and took me unawares ?

IV.

It seiz'd me both with love and fear,
 Seeing so many beauties there ;
 And brought me, fond fool, to that pass,
 That, *Persian*-like, I straight did run,
 Seeing your white Breech on the grass,
 To adore that new-rising Sun.

V.

Phæbus was glad to veil his eyes,
 Finding that greater lustre rise ;
 And thought to steal away ere night,
 Thinking his beams were useless now :
 Which he had done, but that the fight
 Staid him, in hopes to kiss it too.

V. I.

The Satyrs much enamour'd were,
Beholding all the Graces there;
And Zephyrus espying too
Some other Charms, so lik'd them, that
Despight of all *Flora* could do,
He often kiss'd your You-know-what.

V. II.

The Rose, the Flowers lovely Queen,
Droopt, when your fresher skin was seen:
Lilies lookt pale, and shed a tear:
Narcissus was brought to that pass,
He left his self-lov'd-Shade, and there
Gaz'd in your brighter Looking-glass.

V. III.

Nor is there ought on earth so fair,
No Face that's worthy its compare:
No Cheeks, no Lips, Eyes darting rays:
'Mongst all those Beauties, there's no grace
Nor Meen, but soon will loose its praise,
When your Breech but appears i'th place.

X. I.

IX

'Tis true, I fear 't has some defects
 Will trouble me in these respects :
 For it is very coy and shy,
 Harder than the white Rock to break ;
 Nor hath it either Ear or Eye,
 And's very rarely heard to speak.

X.

But so I love it, that my Verse
 Shall to the World its praise rehearse ;
 Whilst dayly I will make resort
 To pay my homage to this Queen,
 Who leaves behind her this report
 Of th'sweetest Beauty e're was seen.

XI.

O hide it then from all but me,
 For were't unvail'd still, Gods would be
 My Rivals, and descend anew ;
 Who (though they sit on Stars above)
 They sit on meaner Thrones than you ;
 For your Breech is the Throne of Love.

Upon

Upon the intolerable Heat in the latter end of May and the beginning of June, 1665.

Fire, fire, fire, fire, the Bells all backward ring
Haste, haste to every Well and Spring;

Let ev'ry Cock, and ev'ry Spout
With noise and fury rush like Winter-torrents out.
Pull from the Churches Walls the Buckets down;
Bring forth those Engines that defend each Town;
Engines which now singly more useful are
Than all that *Archimedes* made for War;
Yet these cannot suffice, 'tis not one Town;

It is not *Newport* now alone
That's burnt, each City feels the same;
England's on fire, and all the Isle does flame.
Rise then kind Rivers from your low-sunk Beds,
Lift up your curled Heads;

With

123 **New Poems and Songs.**

With raised waters quickly go,
And all the parched land in welcome haste oreflow.
Let *Trent* and *Medway* meet,
The *Thames* and *Tweed* each other greet,
Severn and *Chane* their streams conjoyn,
And crooked *Wye* mix with the Northern *Tyne* :
All this and more this Summers fire
Does for to quench its killing rage require.

All these too little bes
To quench us we must call the Sea ;
And for this succour we shall owe him more
Than all our traffick and defence before.
Return, you waves, and your old triumphs gain :
Behold, we wish a Deluge once again.

II.

In spight of what Philosophers have prov'd,
We finde the Poles are mov'd :
These *England* from its Northern climate turn,
Which now beneath the Line doth burn :

This

This needs must be, or else the Sun
His wonted constant Stages has outrun
In May, the *Lion* reacht the *Dog* in *June*;

Who maddened with his heat too soon,
Does with great fury rage and bite,
And wreak on us below his more than usual spight.

Is then the doated Sire of *Phaeton*
Become a Boy again, and like his son,

The Fiery Chariot does misguide,
And where his horses hurry him does ride,
Whilst that his hands grown feeble now with age,
Can guide no more their headstrong rage?

Or else has *Cupid*, thus to shew

That still he has the better Bow,
Shot to his heart again some hot desire,
With some new *Daphne* set his brest on fire?

Whom that in Verse he may intreat,

He kindles too his own Poetick heat.

And thus this triple fire inflames the weather,
Whilst he is burnt, and burns the world together.

III.

Alas, Love kindles a more gentle flame,

From him such dismal Fires ne're came:

No, this is rage, and Phobus angry is,

When his face shines so bright as this,

We now at length the Poets meaning know,

Who tell us of his Arrows and his Bow.

His Rays are those sharp Darts he throw

When he the Monster *Pyrron* flew;

With them the *Grecian* Camp with death he fill'd,

And more than all the *Trojans* kill'd,

No Armor 'gainst these Darts is proof,

Nor hardest Iron, nor toughest Buff:

Such is their strange enchanted Power found,

They most of all the Armed wound,

But yet submission neither can shield

Those that cast down their Arms and yield;

Relentless still the Sun his Rage does keep,

Though not our Eyes alone, but all our Body weep.

He

He is softned ne're the more,
 Though a Tear fall from every Pore;
 His Temples and his Altars lost,
 Which had so much the Heathen cost,
 His Horses and his Sacrifices gone,
 He now revenges upon us alone.

AN *England* our great Altar is,
 Which shines and burns with sacred Fire of this:
 Nor will ten thousand Herds alone suffice,
 But all its People too are made one Sacrifice.

IV.

Apollo thus, who did at *Delphos* yield,
 Again retakes the Field;
 And our Religion, his victorious For,
 Endeavors yet to overthrow:
 So far as he gets the day
 By force of many a persecuting Ray,
 That whoso'er to Church does come,
 Endures a Martyrdom.

Each

Each Chorist in the Quire
 Sings Anthems like the Martyrs in the fire:
 Each is his own and neighbours Funeral-pile,
 On which all do themselves and others broyl:
 Did but their inward zeal, and outward heat,
 Make but a Blaze so great,
 The Churches Tapers might then shew their light,
 Through their transparent Lanthorns bright:
 For there are few whose blood
 Swells with a youthful flood:
 Few at their hot devotions, or none,
 Have ought but Linnen on:
 The Surplice is no more
 A Vest of Ceremony, as before.
 Our neereſt Garments do for it make way,
 And yeild it is more uſeful far than they:
 The rigid Nonconformiſt who could bear,
 Ev'n when his rage and zeal at hottelt were,
 An heavie, thick, unweildy Cloak,
 Would all his former ſailings ſtraight reſtroke,

Felt

Felt he this heat here, nay forsake
His Cloak and Doublet, and the Surplice take.

V.

Moloch, that monstrous Coloss, all of brass,
Who God at once and Altar was,
Who many a sacrificed Hebrew child
Within his red-hot glowing arms hath kill'd,
Scarce heretofore did those
With crueller embraces close,
Than our Gowns us, who with the Sun conspire
To set our kindled bodies all on fire :
Hither those Drums, here let those Trumpets sound,
Which then the cries of tortur'd infants drown'd ;
We straight shall roar out full
As loud as he who first hanfel'd his burning Bull.
Nor is our noise alone as great,
But that which causes it, our heat :
Off therefore goes the Gown,
We cast our Doublets down ;

I

Our

Our loosned Breeches fall,
And to our Shirts we soon are stripped all.
Nor should our Cloathes, though they should be
Far finer than the *French* trim Beggery;
Though deckt with all the Jewels of the East,
With all the Gold and Pearls o'th' West:
Although they shone more richly gay
Than the *Mogul's*, upon his own Birth-day;
The great *Mogul's*, who at his ears
The price of *European* Kingdoms wears;
Whose Daggers hilt does in its Gems display
An *Asiatick* Armies pay.
Although more Jewels should our Garments hide,
They should not tempt our pride
To keep us drest one moment there
Where all mankinde spectators were;
If to the Sun as we our Jewels turn,
Whilst that he makes them shine, he makes us burn.

VI.

could be Our Cloathes are off, yet every single Shirt
 Still burns as much, as much does hurt;
 East, as that of *Hercules*, which heretofore
 With *Hydra's* poison stain'd, and *Nessus* gore.
 So both reveng'd, none but would chuse
 Ev'n all his bloud to lose,
 So that his wounds might be
 But half so smarting to his enemy.
 The eating threds his flesh gat in,
 His Shirt fate closter than his Skin :
 The spreading venome grew,
 Through all his mighty limbs it in an instant flew:
 Through every artery and vein
 It bore an universal pain :
 The Purple-rivers of his bloud
 In vain the fire withstood :
 They boil themselves, and feel the same;
 v l These streams like those of burnt *Scamander* flame.

His very bones *Alcides* kindled felt ;

He felt his marrow melt,

And therefore built his Funeral-pyre,

And soon to cool himself leapt in the gentler fire.

With such a furious heat

Our Shirts too make us sweat ;

Which though no venome stain,

Than *Hydra's* fertile stings they cause a greater pain.

Off therefore soon they go ;

Down our last torments so

With them we think to grow :

But yet the stubborn heat does still perplex,

Still our tir'd patience vex ;

Some secret unseen cover

Doth press and scald all over :

Something would yet be needs put off, and we

Than nakedness it self would fain more naked be.

VII.

But see ! cool *Charmel* softly by does glide ;

There our bare skins we gladly hide :

ould but those Artists, who with skilful Press,

On Water'd Tabbie waves exprefs;

Could they some Stuff of real water make,

Their former trade they'd soon forsake;

No other garments would be sought,

No other Stuff be bought:

Our native finer Cloath we should not prize,

And, though deep dy'd in grain with Cochineal, despise.

The Silks that haughty *Naples* brags,

Would be accounted rags;

Brocades, and rich Cloth of Gold,

No more to us by *Genoa* should be sold:

Chinese and *Indian* Manufactures here

None then would wear,

Nor any else beside,

That Merchants profit serve, or Courtiers pride.

For those no Ship should cross the Seas,

When the next shore with better stuff would please.

But since no Virtuoso's daring Wit

Hath ventur'd yet hot limbs to fit

With cooling Summer-suits of water made,
We cannot wait th'inventing of the Trade.

Art tedious is, and slow ;
To Natures ready gifts we go ;
Into th'inviting stream our selves in haste we throw.

VIII.

O what a ravishing coolness now does glide
Into our veins from every side !
A gentle, fresh, reviving cold
Does all embold :

The wanton waves about us sport,
And as we them, they us do court ;
That ore our shoulders leaps, and this
Steals from our lips a sudden kiss :

And then as fearing to be spi'd,
As pimbly back does glide.

We swim, and stretch our arms out wide, to have
A full embrace of each beloved wave.

Nor does to kiss or to embrace suffice
Our wide voluptuous avarice ;

Our

Our heads and all go down ;
Our selves all ore we in our pleasures drown.

Nor do we care

For the delay of necessary air :

Who would not change a moments breath
For th'extasies of this short pleasing death ?

The waves of *Styx* ne'r led

The pious dead

To an *Elizium* that could please

So much as now the breathless divers these.

All pleasures and all riches that are known,
Their liquid coolness comprehends alone.

So much that he that would recount

How far earths wealth the waters doth surmount,

Need not speak ought of rich *Padolm* Strand,

Nor *Tagus* golden sand ;

Nor how the Eastern Pilgrims yearly go

Their Coyn in *Ganges* sacred stream to throw.

He need not tell how in the Ocean lies

The wealth of disappointed Treasures :

The golden Wrecks which ev'ry year
 Storms and tempests drowned there ;
 The Spanish Fleets on purpose cast away,
 Lest they become the conquering *English* prey :
 These riches which from spoyl'd earth came,
 He need not name,
 Nor yet what are more precious far than these,
 The native Pearls and Coral of the Seas :
 More than all this may in one word be told ;
 Who doubts the waters price, who now but hears 'tis
 (cold ?

I X.

Lovers do now no more
 Those sparkling eyes by which they're burnt adore :
 Their being like the Sun,
 Now hatred draws, which former praises won.
 The Water-nymphs alone now please,
 And *Venus* onely reigns within her native Seas.
 All *Pelem* happie fortune praise,
 Which him to *Thetis* happie bed did raise.

To

To *Thetis* bed, that fair Sea-nymph, whose love
Was thought too great a happiness for *Jove*,

Were she now present here,

None to embrace her close would fear,

Although, transform'd again, she should appear

A Lion, Tyger, Leopard, Bear,

Or any Monster else like these,

Which Saylor's fright upon her imitating Seas,

So that at last her self again

A Water-nymph she would remain.

The Ladies too, as much as they desire

A vigorous youth, all heat, all fire,

Yet now perhaps would scarce approve

For a Gallant the mighty *Jove*,

If such as when to *Semele* he came,

Clad in lightning and in flame,

His love so fiercely burn'd,

That its own object it to ashes turn'd,

Her flames ascended to the skie,

Whither her too ambitious love did flie.

A

A cooler Wooer now they love,
 And Neptune spight of Fate prefer to *Jove*.
Juno may cease her usual spight,
 None may be jealous now but *Ambrosite*.
 Or if *Jove* chance to be
 In love with some new *Danaë*,
 He must now overcome her Tower
 Not with a golden, but a watry shower.

X.

What then shall we to bounteous *Charwel* give
 For all the pleasures we receive ?
 Shall we a Grassie Altar build
 In the next fruitful field ?
 There sacrifice a ready Ox or Cow
 Which neither Yoke nor Milk-pail know ;
 A Goat, a Kid, a Ram,
 Or many a tender Lamb ;
 And with their Consecrated bloud
 Augment his sinking floud ?

Shall

Shall we his Curled head,
Which now with Reeds is onely covered,
With all the flowry Garlands crown,
Which the great Garden of the Town
The Market shews, or Gardens yield
The Markets of the field?
Into his waters shall we pour forth wine,
The richest Juyce of the *Canary-Vine*;
And for the coolness of our kinde retreat,
Repay as kinde an heat?
No, none of these he loves;
These ancient honours all he disapproves.
He who so long ran on the *British* land,
So many hundred years a *Christian Land*,
Whose waters unto *Fonts* convey'd,
So many *Christians* have made;
In his own waves so far baptized is,
As to think it much amiss
That we our selves again should make
Idolaters and Pagans for his sake.

Nay,

Nay, though himself were Heathen still,

He would not suffer we should kill

Those beasts for him for whom he has

So long provided Hay and Grass :

To more ignoble Man he leaveth that,

Who those he does intend for to devour makes fat.

x1.

The Flowers his fertile waters bred,

Through the earths subtil chanel spread,

Since to himself so neer alli'd,

For his sake to be cut he counts it Particide.

As he the Drunkards Garden will not use,

So he his Wine too doth refuse :

His Fishes lives he loves to spare,

Who but too oft intoxicated are,

Who in such humbers die,

Their greediest Host to fatishe,

And by their drunkenness his gluttony supply.

Since then he'll none of these receive,

Good wilhes we can onely give.

May

May therefore this excessive heat,
 His enemy and ours, retreat :
 May he not any where for dread
 Of the hot Sun hide underneath his head,
 Nor yet again let Winter-flouds confuse
 His course, whilst in himself, himself he swoln may
 But let a plenty clear and still, (lose :
 Brim-high his undisturbed Chanel fill :
 May none with Dams restrain his force,
 Nor interrupt his course :
 May none his Mother-stream divide,
 Nor into petty Dykes his waters turn aside :
 May not his liquid state
 So perish by unhappie Empires fate :
 May no foul Sinks his clearness spoil,
 No Common-shore his stream defile :
 But let him chaste and clear enter fair *Isis* bed,
 And Virgin-*Thames* himself a Virgin wed.

XII.

May their innumerable Progenie
The Fishy *Trent* outvie ;
Replenished with these,
Let 'em creep softly to the Seas,
Thorow rank Grass, full Corn, and lofty Trees,
By wealthy Farms, and stately Palaces :
But still be sure that by the way
They both their homage pay,
Their daily tribute bring
To their whole elements great universal King,
In whose large Throne
We *Jove* and *Neptune* see conjoyn'd in one ;
Tridents in one, Scepters in th' other hand,
Sway both the Sea and Land ;
The Kingdoms Pilot, he the Navies King,
Both to a happie Port do bring :
Both with so skilful hands do steer,
Nor hidden Rocks, nor open Streams they fear.

From

From his great Palace they may then go down,

And view that Ocean of a Town,

That Sea of wealth which does enfold

All the rich Rivers gold :

This they may coast too, since they know

She all to them does owe :

But yet descending with the Tyde,

They finde a cause of greater pride.

XIII.

These wishes we to *Charwel* owe

For the sweet Cold that in his waves do flow.

But yet our pleasures grow more great,

In that we round us still perceive the vanquisht heat:

Thence fresh delights arise,

That whilst so neer us it doth tyrannize,

His force we laugh at and despise :

Still we midst flaming swords enjoy our paradise.

Although a Furnace round us glow,

We still are cool, like *Jene's* constant Snow :

That

That radiant Snow which does defeat
 The neighb'ring power of all that Magazine of heat:
 Whilst not a Cloud does flatter in the skie;
 Wells, Pools; and many Brooks be dry,
 We to our lips stand up,
 Like happie Sun-dew in our well-fill'd Cup;
 That Jovial plant whose fate now all things with,
 Which ev'n at general draughts but laughs,
 Whilst in her brim-full nat'ral dish
 The unexhausted *Rosa Solis* quaffs.
 This *Charmel* still whilst deep, though false, he flows,
 On us alone bestows.
 The parched earth he succour can't:
 His nearest Meadows do his presence want;
 Their wide deep cracks do gape in vain
 For floods and for delaying rain:
 The earth does with a thousand mouthes complain,
 And heav'n of foul ingratitude accuse,
 That can quick aid refuse;
 Who though she had receiv'd from her below

Her

Her Rains exhal'd, her Hail, her snow,
Doth yet behold her Benefactress burn,
And not one single shower, one single drop return.

XIV.

Now that the Earth their Nurses breasts are dry,
The infant-Plants grow sick and die ;
Not one of all their mouthes, one luckie root
Cannot suck one poor drop into't.
Thus choakt and banisht, in one place they have

A Cradle and a Grave :

The rest do droop, and for the dead
Each seems to mourn, and hang his pensive head ;
But none one dewie tear can shed ;

That mournful rain,
Were't not to them as to sad men in vain,
Those tears would keep them all alive,
And ev'n the dead they weep for too revive.

But now their thirsty grief
Cannot that way procure its own relief ;

K

Amaz'd

Amaz'd they know not why,
For what grand crime they thus should die.

What causes rage

Could thus engage

That civil God *Apollo*

His savage Grandfire *Saturn's* crime to follow ;

Who to secure his power,

All his own off-spring did devour ?

Like Cruelty what makes *Apollo* use,

His power to lose ;

Whilst those same Plants for whose wise use old Farn

Did him the God of Physick name ;

Those Plants with which lost health he did restore,

And from the jaws of death preys half devoured tore,

He makes declining from their vigour lie,

Themselves on their sick beds, and of one Fever die ?

X V.

Hence justly all the children of the Spring

The Sun their Tyrant count, and not their King.

The

Dead Poets and Songs.

149

The proudest Flowers now hate the very light

That shows their beauties to our sight

The amorous Marigold that turns we red

To her dear Sun; he now not warms, but burns;

Wearied of his importunate ray,

Would spight of Love and Nature run away,

Those tender fruits that hardly bear

The sharpness of our Northern air;

Whom the Sun yet could ne'r make ripe with all

His force; unless assisted by a wall,

On the most shady bough,

Not ripe alone, but tainted now

Those courteous Ladies whose kinde hands relieve

The perishing fruits, and give

By their obliging art a longer date

To their short fate;

And so the Winter make and Spring

The Summers and the Autumns pleasures bring,

Need now no more what they desire

Their fruit to keep, by the same fire

K 2

Their

Their Beauties lose, nor to raise civilities
 Betwixt our pleased tastes, and our defrauded eyes,
 Their Sweet-meats with due colours now to grace,
 They need not spoil a better in their face;
 Some sugred water let their Gardners throw
 On the scorcht trees, and so
 The Fruits will turn to Sweet-meats as they grow:
 The heat which all before did spoil,
 Will them in that new Liquor boil.
 So Cherries, Grapes, or Gooseberries,
 Plums, Apricocks, or any fruits they please,
 Preserved they may gather from the trees.
 This scorched heat in Gardens rains,
 In spite of all the Gardners care and pains,
 And all his Watring-pots poor counterfeited rains.
 A fiercer fire burns up th' unwatred field,
 Which had been better left untill'd.
 The piercing Sun beams aged trunks invade,
 Through all the numerous leaves that hide them in
 their shade.

The

The Oak that grows on the most shady vale,
Would with her kindred in the Nave sail,
And less would fear

Dutch Fire-ships there,
Than the Sun's rays more formidable here :
There ready water would her flames surround,
But here she burns upon the burning ground.

For fear of this, all without winds may shake,
And trembling Asps excused quakes,
Many already shew their griefs and fears

In copious gummy tears,
And well they may,

Since though still green, and lightning-proof, the Bay
Is almost scorcht by her own Phœnix ray.

But these effects of the Sun's sight

Are all but light

Worse torments his malignant influence

Inflicts on them to whom unhappie sense

Cruelly-bounteous Nature did dispense :

SEV Their feeling like a Burning Glass,

Doubles the fiery rays as through their skin they pass,

Hence from each echoing Rock there does rebound

Tormented Cattle's mournful sound :

The fairest and most healthful Corn

Would gladly long like that of *Morven* now :

Since all our Herds of fire are quite as full

As the flame-belching *Crested Bull* :

The Sun's incertains the beasts more smartly sting

Than all the Gad-flies which they bring.

The scorched Race-horse now would stin out-run

The fiery Coursers of the Sun

Though, as is said once unto that God

He so much fears his flaming Whisk and Rod,

He'd rather through the *Russian* Snow

With heavie Sled long Winter-journeys go

Than made immortal in the heaven-highway,

Draw the illustrious Chariot of the day

And signifying in words of truth no skill

As in the olden times was wont to tell. **XVIII.**

XVIII.

The Winter-thriving Rabbits curse

Their once more friendly Ears :

Though no Guns lightning reach their fearful eye,

From the Suns fire away they flee :

In their deep holes to save their lives they buried lie :

Their barren Warrens may unheeded burn,

To see their loss they'll not return.

The sweetest shortest grass, their chief delight,

From their cool holes would now not one invite,

Although secured from the ravenous Kyte.

The Kyte, that with the Sun did use to play,

And meet his rays half way,

Flies to the shade, and fears her self to be his prey.

The sharpest-sighted Eagle dare no more

Upon his lustre pore ;

No more her young one that way doth she try :

She from his heat her self doth flee ;

Her body cannot bear't, much less her tender eye.

New Poems and Songs.

With gaudiest colours Birds aray'd,
Do hide their bravery in the shade ;
Others in vain some refuge seek to finde,
By courting, Stanniel-like, the winde :
No succour thence is to be got ;
The winde it self blows hot :

None but the Water-fowl for happie go,
Who hide themselves where shady rivers flow ;
The Swans, the Geese, the Ducks, the Drakes,
And others who frequent ponds, rivers, lakes ;
These live what all their fellows wish,
The life of blessed Fish :
These can defie the heat, whilst all the rest
Die Phoenix-like, each burnt in his own nest.

XIX.

But all those pains which singly do infest
That Plant, this Bird or Beast,
On more unhappie man concentred light,
On him they wreak their utmost spight :

The

The worlds epitome can shew

All the sharp griefs the greater world doth know ;

Nay, all its ills to him are worse ;

Their union does augment their force.

The sweating Country-swain

Feels not alone his proper pain ;

The numerous mischiefs that surround

His Farm, do all on him rebound :

There his parcht Corn, here growing Hay appears,

And these in vain he waters with his tears :

Here a sick Ox, or dying Cow,

Does lamentably low ;

And from his brest their piteous moan

Re-echoes in a sadder groan :

The many acres of his barren field

Of grief alone a plenteous harvest yield.

But lest that burnt ground make corn scant,

And bread the greedy multitude should want,

A Plague is rais'd by the same power,

The numerous eaters to devour.

Not

Nor doth Death now his prey
 With single darts, as heretofore, destroy,
 The Sythes that rusty to the walls were laid,
 By the dire heat to th' Country useleſs made,

Death to the City hath convey'd ;

Theſe round him with quick hands he throws ;
 Whole houſes down at once, whole ſtreets alone he
 (mows,

XX.

But all theſe Sythes for Death do prove too few ;

Nor will he ſtay for new ;

Each wounded prey

His weapon is ten more to ſlay.

'Tis not alone at Sea, where our brave Fleet

Does with the Dutch-men meet,

That flaming Fire-ſhips to the Combat fire,

And, burnt themſelves, conſume the Enemy :

Here too at Land whoere expires,

Doth kindle others with his Funeral-fires.

New Civil wars again

In England raign ;

Strange

Strange Civil wars, where still

The Victors die, and Vanquish't kill!

Now at noon-day none dares to walk that Town,
Whose midnight-safety gains her such renown.

A murderer men fear to meet
In the most large frequented street.

In vain each house shut up a Jail is made,

In which the numerous Homicides are laid:

For there pent up, their killing breath

Brings to each other surer death.

These prisons too, to some,

The cause of further crimes become.

The father hastning to the grave,

Bereaves his children of that life he gave:

His death-bed-blessings curses are,

With which he kills his Heir.

Thus doth this more-than-Tyrant heat,

To make their miseries compleat,

With simple Tortures not content,

Adds guilt, and make each pain a punishment.

Those

New Poems and Songs.

Those who first innocently sick did lie,

As Criminals do justly die :

Yet ev'n the Cities uninfested heat

To th' uninfested seems so great,

That they, though pain'd with torments and with
Envie the very dead their cool and shady vaults. ^{(faults,}

X XI.

All these dire pains with which the Summers spight

Plagues others, heighten our delight ;

Whilst round about us everywhere

They to our fancies or our eyes appear,

Our singular cool pleasures they endear,

But ah how short a date

Is on great joys bestow'd by Fate !

Already does the dismal Bell

Seem to ring our common Knell ;

For it to death it bids us come,

Whilst that it calls us home :

Nay, ours is worse ev'n than those sinners death

Who midst their crimes resigne their breath,

Short

They

They onely from small pains to greater sell,

But we from heaven pass to hell ;

Such we account that air which yet

Burns, though the flaming Sun be set :

All enter 't with unwilling feet ;

Each takes his Shirt as 'twere his Winding-sheet:

Home with delaying haste we go ;

Our cloathes half on, loosely about us flow :

Yet though prepared so for bed,

On restless Pillows none dare lay his head :

All are sick-beds, not Down it self can please ;

The heat makes ev'n its softness a disease.

In vain we call on Sleep :

His *Lethe* which so silent by did creep,

Onely because it was so deep,

Is to the bottom dry, nor can it keep

One precious drop wherein our eyes to sleep :

This makes us, though we grudged not their gold,

For which rest onely is not sold,

To envie the *Ormusians* wit,

Who have by it

Learnt

Learnt from the Sun, their mortal enemy,

This useful policie,

In water every night to lie,

Ah that I so might sleep, not on

Parnassus, but in *Helicon*!

This onely my *Pindaricks* do desire,

Not for to save my house, but my own self from fire.

Pindar's bright Poetick flame

Surviv'd his ashes, blown by Fame;

And ev'n his *Thebes* orecomers overcame:

It made them spare his house alone;

When all the Citie flam'd, that onely brighter shone.

But I, alas, who breathless strive in vain

To reach his noble strain,

When from this heat my safety I desire,

Too much from feeble Lines require,

Which justly fear themselves to perish in the fire.

CORBET OWEN.

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